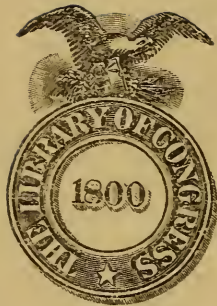


CLASSICS
FOR THE
KANSAS SCHOOLS
EIGHTH GRADE



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CLASSICS
FOR THE KANSAS SCHOOLS
EIGHTH GRADE

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PREFACE

Representative selections from the best literature of interest to eager young readers are included in this collection. Power to get the thought readily and accurately, facility in expression, the development of good taste in reading, and a desire to continue to read the world's best literature, should be the natural results of the proper study of these selections.

To guide the pupil toward the fuller appreciation of these classics, the editors have arranged introductions, complete foot-notes, lists of words for study, and questions for study and class discussion. The introductions contain brief biographical sketches and short settings and give the pupil a natural incentive to read each classic. The foot-notes assist him over difficult passages. The word-lists afford ample drill in the intelligent use of the dictionary. The questions provide a definite program of work by means of which each worker discovers for himself the truth he seeks.

A. M. THOROMAN.

H. W. DAVIS.

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CLASSICS FOR THE EIGHTH GRADE

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the same year in which Lincoln, Gladstone, Tennyson and Poe were born. He was the son of a Congregational minister, attended Phillips-Exeter Academy, and was graduated from Harvard College in its most famous class, that of 1829. He entered the law, but in a short time took up the study of medicine and anatomy. After studying two years in Paris he became a practicing physician in Boston. He was made professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth, and later, in 1847, at Harvard. He began to write poetry while he was a student at Harvard. Not long after his graduation he was frequently called upon to furnish the poems for the annual alumni dinners of his college class. The best known of these poems, "The Boys," was written in 1859.

In 1857, when the *Atlantic Monthly* was established, James Russell Lowell became editor only on the condition that Doctor Holmes would become a contributor. Among Holmes' most famous contributions were "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table."

Doctor Holmes has perhaps written more poems for special occasions than any other American poet. Many of these are written in a lighter vein and contain a rich strain of humor. Of his serious poems, "The Last Leaf" and "The Chambered Nautilus" are perhaps the best known.

"The Chambered Nautilus" was published in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," with the following introduction by the author: "I will read you a few lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a section of one of those chambered shells to which is given the name of Pearly Nautilus. We need not trouble ourselves about

the distinction between this and the Paper Nautilus, the *Argonauta* of the ancients. The name applied to both shows that each has long been compared to a ship, as you may see more fully in Webster's Dictionary or the "Encyclopedia" to which he refers. If you will look into Roget's Bridgewater Treaties, you will find a figure of one of those shells and a section of it. The last will show you the series of enlarging compartments successively dwelt in by the animal that inhabits this shell, which is built in a widening spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?"

It is said that to make the meaning of this poem clear to a little girl Doctor Holmes sawed one of the shells of the Nautilus in two and used a section of it to illustrate the poem. Doctor Holmes has skillfully used this little shellfish to illustrate the great truth of life, that true growth comes through quiet, constant development.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl,¹ which, poets feign,²
Sails the unshadowed main —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren³ sings,
And coral reefs⁴ lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids⁵ rise to sun their streaming hair.
Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,

1. *Ship of pearl*. The poet supposes the nautilus to be furnished with a membrane which serves as a sail.

2. *Feign*. Pretend, or fancy.

3. *Siren*. In ancient mythology the Sirens were birds with the faces of women, found on the shores and islands of the Mediterranean Sea. By their sweet singing they frequently enticed sailors to destruction on the rocks.

4. *Coral reefs*. Ridges or ranges of land lying at or near the surface of the water and at a short distance from the shore, built up by coral deposits on the bed of the ocean.

5. *Sea-maids*. Mermaids. Fabled sea creatures, usually represented as half maid and half fish.

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling¹ rent, its sunless crypt² unsealed!
Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;³
 Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton⁴ blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

1. *Irisèd ceiling.* Referring to the many colors seen in the pearl-like inner surface of the shell. Iris was the goddess of the rainbow, hence "irised ceiling."

2. *Crypt.* Vault, or sealed chamber.

3. *Lustrous coil.* This expression refers to the brilliant colors of the inner surface of the shell.

4. *Triton.* A fabled sea god, son of the god of the sea, Neptune. By a blast on a spiral seashell, referred to as his *wreathèd horn*, he stirred up or quieted the waves.

Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: feign, main, venturous, enchanted, Siren, gauze, wont, tenant, irised, crypt, lustrous, spiral, archway, forlorn, Triton, low-vaulted, dome.

2. What suggested this poem to the author?

3. Why does the author call the nautilus a "ship of pearl"?

4. Explain the meanings of "unshadowed main," "gulfs enchanted."

5. Why do "its webs of living gauze no more unfurl"?

6. Why does the author speak of this ship of pearl as "wrecked"?

7. Who was the "frail tenant"? How did the tenant *shape* its "growing shell"?

8. What in the poem tells of the growth of the nautilus?

9. Explain "stole with soft step."

10. Just how does the nautilus grow?

11. What shows Holmes' enthusiasm for "the heavenly message"?

12. In what sense was the message *brought* by the nautilus shell?

13. What "clear note" is born from the "dead lips" of the shell?

14. Give in your own words the message of the nautilus shell to the poet, as shown in the last stanza.

THE FOREST HYMN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878) was born at Cummington, Massachusetts. His father, who was a physician, was a man of much literary culture. Outside the district school, Bryant had little teaching except what his mother and contact with the rugged life of a Massachusetts farming community were able to give him. He was more serious and thoughtful than is usual with boys of his age and spent much time in his father's excellent library. He began writing poetry when he was only eight years old. His first poem was published when he was thirteen years old, and *Thanatopsis*, his masterpiece, was written before he was seventeen. This poem is so serious in thought and so finished in style that the editor of the *North American Review*, to whom it was sent by Bryant's father,

could not be convinced that it was written by a mere boy, and declared that no one in America was capable of writing such a poem.

Bryant received a year's schooling at Williams College. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1816. He had little success as a lawyer, however, and gradually turned his attention to literature. In 1825 he moved to New York and became editor of the *Evening Post*. This position he filled until his death. During nearly all this time he continued to write poetry. So effective was his work that he is often called our first national poet.

In "The Forest Hymn" the author shows that God is present in the forest and that His creatures are manifestations of that presence. Bryant sets forth the constantly renewed freshness and growth of the forest as the true emblem of eternity, and appeals to men to know God through the quiet manifestations of His power rather than through violent expressions of His might as shown in the tempest, the flood, the whirlwind, and the earthquake. "He appears as the high priest of nature, offering his hymn at her altar, as one might leave a cherished possession reverently at the shrine of a saint."

THE FOREST HYMN

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft,¹ and lay the architrave,²
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault,³ to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once

1. *Shaft*. Pillar or column.

2. *Architrave*. That part of a building resting directly on the columns.

3. *Lofty vault*. The poet is evidently thinking of the high, vaulted ceilings of cathedrals and churches.

All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty.¹ Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years,² neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries,³ and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings⁴ show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st

1. *Inaccessible majesty.* Majesty difficult of approach, or not easily reached.

2. *World's riper years.* Later, more civilized times.

3. *Ancient sanctuaries.* Sanctuaries are sacred places. Many of the ancients worshipped in groves.

4. *Fantastic carvings.* Intricate and curious carvings are common in many of the finer cathedrals and churches, particularly those of the Old World.

The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with¹ thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated²—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
Ere wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves³ with which
Thy hand hath graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation⁴ of the indwelling Life,

1. *Instinct with.* Filled with.

2. *Seem almost annihilated.* The author feels that, in comparison with the mighty oak, he is nothing.

3. *Coronal of leaves.* The leaves of the tree-top are compared to the prince's crown.

4. *Emanation.* A bursting forth.

A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne¹—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men² who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men

1. *Tyrant's throne.* The tyrant is Death. His throne is the grave.

2. *Holy men.* The author refers to the ancient hermits who lived a life of seclusion, in order that they might devote themselves wholly to thoughts about God.

Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

(From Bryant's Complete Poems. Used by permission of the publishers, D. Appleton & Company.)

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: Shaft, architrave, anthems, majesty, supplication, inaccessible, venerable, verdant, communion, fantastic, sanctuaries, solitude, tranquillity, annihilated, coronal, grandeur, universe, perpetual, faltering, nourishment, firmament, emanation, token, aspects, elements, meditate.

2. Where did men worship God before they had learned to build temples and churches?

3. Who is here meant by the Mightiest?

4. What is the difference between thanks and supplication?
 5. How did the forests influence worship in earlier times?
 6. How is the author influenced by the forest?
 7. What part of the poem, then, is the real "hymn"?
 8. What were "God's ancient sanctuaries"?
 9. Explain, "venerable columns," "verdant roof."
 10. What were "dim vaults," "winding aisles"?
 11. Explain, "The soft winds that run along the summit of these trees in music."
 12. Why does the author say, "Here is continual worship"?
 13. In what way do "grandeur, strength, and grace" speak of deity?
 14. What is meant by "the indwelling Life," by "the upholding Love"?
 15. From what source did even the delicate forest flower spring?
 16. Explain, "On the faltering steps of decay youth presses."
 17. Explain how Life makes his nourishment of the triumphs of Death.
 18. Why does the author long to retire to the solitude of the forest?
 19. What does the author prefer to the "sterner aspects of thy face"?
 20. Why is it easier to keep evil thoughts from your mind when you are alone in a great forest than it is when you are in a crowded street?
-

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822-1909) was born in Boston, of distinguished parentage. Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary hero, was his great-uncle. His father, one of the leading citizens of New England, was the editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the first daily newspaper published in Boston. His mother was a sister of the famous orator, Edward Everett, for whom Hale was named.

Young Hale finished his preparatory course in the Boston Latin School and entered Harvard College, from which he was graduated at the age of seventeen. He taught in the Boston Latin School, studied theology, and was licensed to preach in 1842. He continued in the ministry practically all of the remainder of his life. In 1856 he became pastor of the South Congregational Church in Boston,

which pastorate he held for forty-seven years. He was chaplain of the United States Senate from 1903 until his death.

Doctor Hale began his literary career almost immediately after his graduation from Harvard. He continued active literary work throughout his long life. He was a contributor to some of the leading newspapers and magazines of the country throughout practically this entire period. Doctor Hale was an ardent abolitionist, and at one time was president of the New England Emigrant Aid Society. He was much interested in the struggle to make Kansas a free state, and his "History of Kansas and Nebraska," published in 1854, contained some of the strongest antislavery arguments of the period.

Doctor Hale was intensely patriotic throughout his long life. His patriotism was of the kind that found expression in service. He was greatly interested in the outcome of the Civil War. "The Man Without a Country" was written for the purpose of stimulating patriotism at a time when the Southern Confederacy seemed to be gaining ground, and when unrest, if not positive disloyalty, was making itself felt in some sections of the North. The story was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1863. It at once became popular, was translated into many languages, and eventually came to be regarded as one of the treasures of American literature.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

I SUPPOSE that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13th observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

NOLAN.¹ Died, on board U. S. Corvette² *Levant*,
Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May,
Philip Nolan.

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the

1. *Nolan*. When Doctor Hale was reading about Aaron Burr, preparatory to writing this story, he found frequent reference to a certain Nolan who had gone to Texas and disappeared. He selected Nolan as an appropriate name for his hero, and gave him the name Philip. The Philip Nolan of the story is purely a fictitious person. It was afterward found that the name of the real Nolan who went to Texas was Philip.

2. *Corvette* (kõr-vět'). A low-decked war vessel of second rank, usually having only one tier of guns.

old Mission-House¹ in Mackinac,² waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring, to the very stubble, all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, The Man Without a Country." For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was Nolan, or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's Administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps*³ of the profession and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown,—and, I think, to the country at large

1. *Mission-House*. Probably one of the old French mission-houses.

2. *Mackinac* (măk'ŭ-nă). A city in Northern Michigan, located on the strait of Mackinac.

3. *Esprit de corps* (ës-prē' dē kōr'). [French.] Spirit of the organization, more generally the spirit pervading a service or profession. It implies a jealous regard for the honor of the body as a whole.

also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives¹ when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction,² that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross³ burned the public buildings at Washington. One of the Tuckers,⁴ or possibly one of the Watsons,⁵ had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields,⁶ who was in the Navy Department when he came home, he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a "*non mi ricordo*,"⁷ determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of to-day what it is to be a man without a country.

1. *Naval Archives*. The official records of the navy.

2. *Bureau of Construction*. That division in the Navy Department that has to do with building.

3. *Ross*. Robert Ross (1766-1814). The British general who commanded the troops that sacked and burned the city of Washington during the War of 1812.

4. *The Tuckers*. Commodore Samuel Tucker (1747-1833) and Captain John Randolph Tucker (1812-1883) were distinguished officers in the American navy.

5. *One of the Watsons*. Probably not "one of the Watsons," as there was no officer named Watson in the navy during the War of 1812.

6. *Crowninshields*. Benjamin W. Crowninshield (1772-1851) was Secretary of the Navy from 1814 to 1818, but was not a naval officer. Arrant S. Crowninshield, born in 1843, was at one time a commander in the navy.

7. *Non mi ricordo* (nōn mē rī-cōr'dō). [Italian.] I do not remember. The phrase here means a thing forgotten.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr¹ made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac,² or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed, in this unrequited affection for a politician, the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack.³ Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney

1. *Aaron Burr*. Aaron Burr (1756-1836) served with distinction in the American Revolution, became a United States Senator from the State of New York, and was Vice-President of the United States from 1801 to 1805. He killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel in 1804, a thing which brought Burr into great disfavor all over the country. Burr's proud nature resented this, and he seemed to lose all sense of loyalty to his country. In 1805 he formed a plan for conquering Texas, and possibly Mexico. Through the treachery of various men on whom Burr depended, the plan failed, and he was arrested in Mississippi Territory in January, 1807, and indicted for treason. He was tried at Richmond, Virginia, in May, 1807, but was acquitted, largely for lack of technical proof of his guilt. His life after the trial was one of bitter disappointment and disgrace.

2. *Fort Massac* (mă's'ăk). This fort was situated in the Territory of Louisiana, north of New Orleans.

3. *Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack* (mo-nŏn'gà-hē'là). Monongahela was a name applied to a kind of whisky made along the Monongahela River in Pennsylvania. Sledge and high-low-jack are card games.

seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses*,¹ and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a cane-brake² or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as a man without a country.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia³ of that day undertook to break on the wheel⁴ all the possible Clarences of the then House of York,⁵ by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the

1. *Weekly Arguses*. Argus was the name of the famous hundred-eyed character in Greek mythology. It was a favorite name for weekly newspapers in the early part of our history.

2. *Canebrake*. A cane thicket. In the southern part of the United States giant cane grows very dense.

3. *Jefferson and the House of Virginia*. Of the first five Presidents of the United States, four were from the State of Virginia. Presidents Madison and Monroe were warm personal friends of President Jefferson, were of the same political party, and were supposed to carry out Jefferson's ideas. For these reasons the Federalists, particularly those of New England, often used the expression, "The House of Virginia," in referring to these Presidents and the administration of the government under them.

4. *Break on the wheel*. The wheel was an instrument of torture used in the Dark Ages. It usually resulted in the death of the victim. Here the term means to ruin politically.

5. *Clarences of the then House of York*. Edward IV., of the House of York, put his brother, the Duke of Clarence, to death to strengthen his own hold on the English throne.

lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget's Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams,¹ got up, for *spectacles*,² a string of court-martials on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him, had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr."³ The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"D——n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly⁴ cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days,

1. *Fort Adams*. A fort on the Mississippi River in the extreme southwestern part of Mississippi.

2. *Spectacles*. Entertainments.

3. *By command of His Exc. A. Burr*. *His Excellency* is a title used in referring to the President of the United States. The title is also used in referring to governors of States and to other officials of lower rank than that of President.

4. *Cavalierly*. Haughtily, disdainfully.

in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot,"¹ and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans.² His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz,³ and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor, that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him.

I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half-century and more he was a man without a country.

1. *Spanish plot, Orleans plot.* In those days the States of Kentucky and Tennessee and the Territories lying along the Mississippi River did not feel themselves essentially a part of the United States. They were cut off by the Allegheny Mountains, at that time a formidable barrier to trade and general communication. Plots to join this western country to Spanish territory, or to make it an independent nation, were common. Nolan felt no particular attachment to the United States, hence fell in readily with Burr's proposals.

2. *Orleans.* New Orleans.

3. *Vera Cruz* (vā'rā krōōz). The chief seaport of Mexico, situated on the east coast.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold,¹ or had cried, "God save King George,"² Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the court! The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added: "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."³

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself

1. *Benedict Arnold.* Benedict Arnold was the traitor of the Revolution.

2. *God save King George.* This was an expression used by English subjects to show loyalty to their King. It was often used by Tories during the Revolution to show their love for King George. One can therefore readily understand how "Old Morgan" and his fellow officers, who had served through the Revolution, must have regarded Nolan when he cursed the United States.

3. *Without day.* Without setting a date for meeting.

took the proceedings of the court to Washington city and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them; certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the Northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw,¹ though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer² of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

1. *Tingey or Shaw*. Thomas Tingey (1750-1829) and John Shaw (1773-1823) were captains in the United States navy.

2. *Second officer*. An officer on shipboard ranking next to captain.

WASHINGTON [with the date, which must have
been late in 1807.]

SIR—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

This person on his trial by court-martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might “never hear of the United States again.” The court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

Resp’y yours,

W. SOUTHARD,

For the Sec’y of the Navy.

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met “the man without a country” was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess¹ liked to have him

1. *Mess.* A group of men who eat together on board a warship or in service in the army.

permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom¹—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines² or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country³ he had disowned.

1. *Stateroom.* An individual apartment or sleeping room on board ship.

2. *Marines.* Soldiers serving on board a war ship. Marines are clothed, armed, and drilled practically as are land soldiers, but are assigned to service on war vessels.

3. *Insignia of the country.* The marks, signs or emblems by which the country is designated.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then) some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons,"¹ but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay.² He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod.³ Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles,⁴ or one of Canning's speeches,⁵ poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of that

1. *Dons*. Spanish noblemen. Later the term was used to denote Spaniards of all classes.

2. *Paraguay* (pä-rä-gwī'). A small country in South America. It was not so well known at the time this story was written as it is now.

3. *Innocent as Hesiod* (hē'sī-öd). Hesiod was a Greek poet who lived in the eighth century before Christ. Of course, what he had written could contain nothing pertaining to the United States.

4. *Napoleon's battles*. Napoleon Bonaparte was at the height of his power at the time Nolan's sentence was passed.

5. *Canning's speeches*. George Canning (1770-1827) was a famous English statesman and orator. His speeches did much to arouse European opposition to Napoleon.

page of the paper there had been an advertisement of a packet¹ for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do with. I remember it because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the cape, and had done the civil thing² with the English admiral and the fleet; and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the devil would order,³ was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,⁴ which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest*⁵ from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now, but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read

1. *Packet*. A vessel carrying dispatches, mail, passengers and light freight, and having fixed sailing dates.

2. *Had done the civil thing*. Had observed the usual courtesies.

3. *As the devil would order*. As bad luck would have it.

4. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. This famous poem by Sir Walter Scott was published in 1805 and at once became very popular.

5. *The Tempest*. Shakespeare's play. The reference is to act I, scene 2, line 229.

to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and border chivalry,¹ and was ten thousand years ago.² Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto,³ stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,”—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically:

“This is my own, my native land!”

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well,”—

By this time the men were all beside themselves,⁴ wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that. He gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—

1. *Magic and border chivalry.* The poem tells of mysterious happenings and of bold deeds of warrior knights, which took place on the border between Scotland and England.

2. *Ten thousand years ago.* An expression which is here used to convey an idea of indefinite time.

3. *Canto.* The early English poems were sung by wandering minstrels. A canto consisted of as much of the poem as could be sung at one time. Later the canto, treating a group of related incidents, came to be one of the natural divisions of a long poem. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* has six cantos.

4. *Beside themselves.* Greatly excited.

"For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,"—

and here the poor fellow choked,¹ could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "and by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story² to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio³ must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected⁴ to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of

1. *And here the poor fellow choked.* If Nolan had gone on he would have read:

"Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

2. *Beggarly story.* A petty excuse or "beggar's lie." The reference is to the ease with which beggars lied.

3. *Nolan's braggadocio.* His boasting indifference to the punishment.

4. *Affected.* Pretended.

Fléchier's sermons¹—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands,² and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk,³ and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous;⁴ they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going “home.” But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of

1. *Fléchier's sermons*. Esprit Fléchier (ěs'prě flā-shÿ-ā') [1632-1710] was a noted French pulpit orator.

2. *Windward Islands*. A chain of the West India Islands extending from Porto Rico to Trinidad. They are sometimes called the Lesser Antilles.

3. *Salt junk*. The sailor's name for the hard salt meat of the sailor's ration on shipboard.

4. *Rendezvous* (răns'dě-vōō). An appointed meeting place.

Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now.¹ They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence."² So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy³ of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton⁴ herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*.⁵ Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contradances.⁶

1. *Ladies did not take up so much room as they do now.* Hoop-skirts were in fashion when this story was written.

2. *Intelligence.* News from America.

3. *Bevy.* Company.

4. *Lady Hamilton.* The wife of Sir William Hamilton, English ambassador at Naples.

5. *Contretemps* (kōn'tr'-tän'). Unfortunate mischance; embarrassing accident.

6. *Contradances.* Square dances; dances in which partners stand opposite each other.

The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen."¹ But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen,' gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and "'Money Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance. He merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to, the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said; so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was by him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same"—just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contradances, as you do in cotillions,² or even in the pauses of waltzing;

1. *The Old Thirteen*. A dance named in honor of the thirteen original States.

2. *Cotillions* (ko-til'yŭnz). In the cotillion the partners have opportunities to converse while they are waiting their turn.

but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

“And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?”

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

“Home! Mr. Nolan! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again!”—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan, alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I can not give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion.¹ The fellows used to say he was the “Iron Mask”;² and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of “Junius,”³ who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this

1. *Legion*. Very many.

2. *Iron mask*. “The Man in the Iron Mask” was a French state prisoner in the reign of Louis XIV. He was confined in the Bastille and in other prisons. He always wore an iron mask covered with black velvet. His identity has occasioned much speculation, but still remains one of the mysteries of history.

3. *Junius*. The pen name of the author of a series of letters which appeared in the London *Public Advertiser* from 1769 to 1772. These letters, which were on political subjects and in opposition to the English government, created a stir at the time. No one knows positively who wrote them. They had nothing to do with Thomas Jefferson.

affair told in three or four ways; and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I can not tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels¹ with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit² with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck;³ sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time; showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot; making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders; and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the

1. *Great frigate duels.* The author refers to such fights as those between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere*, the *United States* and the *Macedonia*, and the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*. All these occurred in the War of 1812. As the navy had seen little service up to this time, the author speaks in the next line of its having been baptized in these battles.

2. *Cockpit.* A place below the waterline of the old sailing war vessel, where those wounded in an engagement were taken for surgical aid.

3. *Struck.* Struck its colors; that is, hauled down its flag as a sign of surrender.

ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery,¹ sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree—that the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had had the Englishman's sword,² in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came the captain said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches."³

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the

1. *Artillery.* Nolan refers here to his experience as an officer in the artillery, a branch of the land service.

2. *The Englishman's sword.* When a commander surrenders his ship to the enemy he comes on board the victorious vessel and delivers his sword to his conqueror.

3. *Dispatches.* The commander's official report of the engagement. To be named in the official report was an honor much sought by all officers in the army and the navy.

time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter¹ when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures,² ravelins,³ stockades,⁴ and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble.⁵ That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians,⁶ of course, flung all that away.

1. *Porter* *Not this Porter*. The Porter who took possession of the Nukahiwa (nōō-kā-hē'wä) Islands, a group of small islands in the South Pacific Ocean, was Captain David Porter, commander of the *Essex* in the War of 1812. The Porter referred to as "this Porter" was his son, who was prominent in the gunboat operations about Vicksburg during the Civil War.

2. *Embrasures*. Openings in fortifications through which cannon may be fired.

3. *Ravelins* (räv'linz). Parts of a fortification forming saw-tooth-like projections from the main wall of defense or breastworks at the front, and used to protect other fortifications.

4. *Stockades*. A line of stout posts or timbers set in the earth in contact with each other to form a defensive fortification.

5. *Gamble*. The name of an officer in the United States navy.

6. *Madison and the Virginians*. President Madison and his party did not believe in foreign expansion. The author intimates that they should have looked ahead enough to see the need of naval stations in the Pacific.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; but that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of history, one of natural science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours, respectively, of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My natural history is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only

naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera*¹ or *Steptopotera*; but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them, why Linnæus² knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war with England, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-trade Treaty,³ while the Reigning House⁴—which was still the House of Virginia—had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the

1. *Lepidoptera* (lěp'ĩ-döpf'těr-à). An order of insects, the chief representatives of which are butterflies and moths. There is not in zoölogy such an order as *Steptopotera* (stěp-tō-pōt'ěr-à). The name is probably used here to add to the impression that the story is told by an old sea officer ignorant of such terms.

2. *Linnæus* (lín-nē'ūs). A great Swedish naturalist and botanist who founded the system of classification of plants which bears his name.

3. *Slave-trade Treaty*. One of the clauses of the treaty of Ghent, at the close of the War of 1812, provided that England and the United States should coöperate in an attempt to wipe out the slave trade. Negroes were captured by the slavers in Africa and carried on board ship and sold in the United States and the West Indies. Spain and Portugal were the chief participants in this trade.

4. *Reigning House*. The reader must keep in mind that of the first five Presidents of the United States four were from Virginia.

horrors of the Middle Passage,¹ and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business.² From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain³—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a “Plain Buttons” on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about The Man Without a Country one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go. When we got there it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the

1. *Middle Passage.* The ocean route by which slaves were carried from Africa to the West Indies.

2. *On that business.* The business of capturing vessels engaged in the slave trade, and thus suppressing the slave traffic.

3. *Lay chaplain.* One, not a regular minister, who performs the offices of chaplain.

midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience sake,¹ was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect,² and patois³ of a dialect, from the Zulu⁴ click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.⁵

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hog's-head, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw⁶ to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two

1. *For convenience sake.* A humorous way of telling that the slaver's crew had been made prisoners.

2. *Dialect.* A form of speech peculiar to a locality or district, and different in some ways from that used by other persons who speak the same language.

3. *Patois* (pà-twä'). A dialect that is not standard; the speech of the illiterate portion of a certain region or country.

4. *The Zulu click.* The word "click" refers to a sound made by certain South African tribes in their speech.

5. *Beledeljereed* (bĕl-ĕ-dĕl'jĕr-ĕd'). A region in Northern Africa, lying between the Atlas Mountains and the Sahara Desert. The inhabitants of this region had a smattering of French and other European languages.

6. *Choctaw.* The language spoken by the Choctaw Indians. Vaughan describes his language in addressing the negroes as Choc-taw.

fine-looking Kroomen¹ were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.²

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina*³ of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."⁴

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most

1. *Kroomen*. Members of a tribe of negroes in Liberia, West Africa. They were far superior, intellectually and physically, to other African tribes.

2. *Fernando Po* (fěrn-ăn'dō pō'). An island near the coast of Guinea, in West Africa. It was discovered by the Portuguese, but since 1778 it has belonged to the Spanish.

3. *Deus ex machina* (dā'us ăx măk'ĭ-nă). [Latin.] Meaning "the god from the machine." Ancient classical plays regularly introduced a god let down by machinery from above the stage, who saved the situation at the critical moment. The expression has come to mean the one who saves the situation or rescues the person or persons in danger.

4. *Cape Palmas*. A cape on the coast of Liberia, distant about eleven hundred or twelve hundred miles from the coast of Guinea, where these negroes had been captured.

voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother, who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."¹

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting in the fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon,² if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert³ they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they

1. *Barracoon* (băr-ă-kōōn'). A slave pen or inclosure containing sheds in which captured slaves were temporarily kept until a full ship load could be obtained.

2. *Mountains of the Moon*. A group of lofty mountains in South-east Africa.

3. *The Great White Desert*. The Sahara Desert.

all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose¹ with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets² and the men gave way, he said to me:

“Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy,” and the words rattled in his throat, “and for that flag,” and he pointed to the ship, “never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!”

1. *Rub his nose.* A method of showing friendship or good will, common among the members of some African tribes.

2. *Stern sheets.* The rear portion of a boat, lying back of the thwarts or rowers' seats.

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "O, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor,¹ at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth *ben trovato*,² involving a tremendous blowing

1. *St. Thomas harbor*. The Island of St. Thomas is one of the West Indies east of Porto Rico. It belongs to Denmark.

2. *Ben trovato* (bĕn trō'vā-tō). [Italian.] Meaning, "well found." It is more often loosely used to mean characteristic or appropriate.

up with which he sunk Burr,¹ asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get agoing where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard² who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron³ who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate⁴ through what is left of life to them in

1. *Blowing up with which he sunk Burr.* A bitter reproach with which Nolan might have humiliated Burr. The image is that of one war vessel sinking another.

2. *Bragg and Beauregard.* Two generals in the United States army, who at the breaking out of the Civil War resigned their positions and became generals in the Confederate armies. Both served with distinction, and there is no reason to doubt that both acted with the highest sense of honor in leaving the Union army.

3. *Maury and Barron.* Officers in the United States navy at the beginning of the Civil War, who gave up their positions to serve in the navy of the Confederacy.

4. *Vegetate.* To live in a monotonous, passive way.

wretched Boulognes¹ and Leicester Squares,² where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that every one who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton³ told me that, when Texas⁴ was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata,⁵ and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were enter-

1. *Boulogne* (bōō-lōn'). A seaport of France on the English Channel, and a favorite resort of exiles and adventurers.

2. *Leicester Square* (lē's'tēr). A section in the west end of London, inhabited largely by middle-class foreigners, especially foreigners who have renounced their countries.

3. *Lieutenant Truxton*. William Talbot Truxton (1824-1887). He became a commodore in the United States navy.

4. *Texas*. Texas gained her independence from Mexico in 1836, and became a part of the United States by annexation in 1845.

5. *La Plata* (lä plä'tà). A river in South America flowing south-east to the Atlantic. Buenos Ayres (bō'nūs ā'ríz) is situated at its mouth.

taining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously:

“Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for nearly twenty years.”

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin¹ began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras² and Tamaulipas,³ and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province,⁴ in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the

1. *Austin*. Moses Austin, a citizen of the United States who founded settlements of United States citizens in Texas before that country became a part of the United States. The capital of Texas is named after him.

2. *Honduras* (hōn-dōō'rās). A country in Central America. It revolted from Spain in 1821 and became a member of the Central American Union. Since 1839 it has been entirely independent.

3. *Tamaulipas* (tä-mä-ōō-lē'pās). One of the frontier States of Mexico bordering on Texas.

4. *This virgin province*. Texas.

captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay; he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's¹ curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's welcome?"²

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might, indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls³ of to-day of what it is to

1. *Captain Back*. An admiral in the British navy and a famous English explorer.

2. *Sir Thomas Roe's welcome*. Sir Thomas Roe was a famous English ambassador and voyager. The reference here is perhaps to his triumphant entry into London upon his return from Sweden and Poland.

3. *Vallandighams and Tatnalls*. Clement L. Vallandigham was a congressman from Ohio during the early part of the Civil War. He attacked the national administration so bitterly in 1863 that he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to imprisonment. His sentence was commuted, and he was sent to Confederate territory. He was allowed to return to the Northern States in 1864. Josiah Tatnall was a United States naval officer who left the service at the beginning of the Civil War to enter the Confederate navy.

throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader¹ should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself² to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

LEVANT, 2° 2' S. at 131° W.

DEAR FRED—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that.

1. *Non-professional reader.* A reader not acquainted with the administration of naval affairs.

2. *I expose myself.* In case of criminal prosecution for the wrongful detention of Nolan, the writer, because of his knowledge of Nolan's detention, would be an accessory to the crime.

he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced¹ up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, "Here, you see, I have a country!" And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: "Indiana Territory," "Mississippi Territory," and "Louisiana Territory,"² as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"O Danforth," he said, "I know I am dying. I can not get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There can not be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, "how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame

1. *Triced*. Fastened up with a small rope.

2. *Indiana Territory*, : . . *Louisiana Territory*. These names were applied to vast areas of territory in what is now the Middle West.

or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!”

Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated,¹ in his whole manhood’s life, the madness of a boy’s treason? “Mr. Nolan,” said I, “I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?”

Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, “God bless you! Tell me their names,” he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. “The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?”

Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his brother’s grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon²—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. “And the men,” said he, laughing, “brought off a great deal besides furs.”³ Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*,⁴ and what

1. *Expiated*. Atoned for.

2. *Ohio, . . . Oregon*. Ohio was admitted into the Union in 1803; Kentucky, in 1792; Michigan, in 1837; Indiana, in 1816; Mississippi, in 1817; California, in 1850; Oregon, in 1859. These events show the lapse of time and the development of the country during Nolan’s imprisonment.

3. *Brought off a good deal besides furs*. The sailors often returned to the ships in a drunken condition.

4. *Chesapeake*. In 1807 the American frigate *Chesapeake*, under command of Captain Barron, was hailed by the British ship *Leopard*, whose commander demanded the right of searching the American vessel for deserters from the British navy. The *Chesapeake* was unprepared for action and submitted to the search. Barron was blamed and suspended from service. Later he was reinstated and rose to the rank of Commodore.

was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, “God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.” Then he asked about the old war; told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*;¹ asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton² and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott³ and Jackson;⁴ told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky.⁵ And do you think, he asked, who was in command of the “Legion of the West.” I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg.⁶ Then, “Where was Vicksburg?” I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams

1. *Java*. The United States ship *Constitution* captured the British ship *Java* off the coast of Brazil in December, 1812. Nolan's part in serving the gun has been told in the story.

2. *Fulton*. Robert Fulton (1765-1815) was the inventor of the steamboat.

3. *Scott*. General Winfield Scott commanded troops in the War of 1812 and captured the City of Mexico in the Mexican War. He was commander-in-chief of the Federal army at the beginning of the Civil War, but retired from service because of age.

4. *Andrew Jackson*. General Andrew Jackson, during the War of 1812, won a brilliant victory over the British at New Orleans. He was President of the United States from 1829-1837.

5. *The Mississippi*, . . . and his own old *Kentucky*. The Mississippi River had, during the time of the story, become an important commercial route. New Orleans had experienced a marvelous growth about 1820. Texas had become independent of Mexico in 1836 and was admitted to the Union in 1845. Kentucky had grown wonderfully in population and wealth. All of these were places with which Nolan had been intimately connected in early life, hence they were of especial interest to him.

6. *Vicksburg*. Vicksburg was the most strongly fortified position on the Mississippi River during the Civil War. It was captured from the Confederates by General U. S. Grant a few months before the publication of this story.

must be a ruin now. "It must be at old Vick's plantation," said he. "Well, that is a change!"

I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it; of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs; of inventions, and books, and literature; of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe¹ asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's² son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no; that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. "Good for him!" cried Nolan; "I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families." Then I got to talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding;³ I told him about the Smithsonian⁴ and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol,⁵ and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty,⁶ and Greenough's Washington.⁷ Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show

1. *Robinson Crusoe*. Robinson Crusoe, the hero of Daniel Defoe's famous story, spent twenty-seven years on an uninhabited island. The fifty-six years referred to were the years of Nolan's captivity.

2. *General Benjamin Lincoln*. (1733-1810.) A soldier in the Revolutionary War, and Secretary of War from 1781 to 1784.

3. *Congressman Harding*. Benjamin F. Harding (1823-1899) was United States Senator from Oregon from 1862 to 1865.

4. *Smithsonian*. The Smithsonian Institution, established in 1846, is a government institution for scientific research, and has sent "exploring expeditions" into various parts of the world.

5. *The Capitol*. The Capitol at Washington was burned by the British in 1814. The present Capitol is much larger and finer than was the old one.

6. *Crawford's Liberty*. A bronze statue of Liberty surmounting the dome of the Capitol, made by Thomas Crawford.

7. *Greenough's Washington*. A colossal statue of Washington, the work of Horatio Greenough, completed in 1843, stands in front of the Capitol.

the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal Rebellion!¹

And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I can not tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian "Book of Public Prayer," which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, "For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou has continued to us Thy marvelous kindness"—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: "Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority," and the rest of the Episcopal collect.² "Danforth," said he, "I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years." And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, "Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.³

We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

1. *Rebellion*. The Civil War.

2. *Episcopal collect* (köl'ëkt). A collect is a short prayer. The prayer referred to here is one for the President of the United States and others in authority. It forms a part of the regular Episcopal service.

3. *Order of Cincinnati*. A society founded in 1783, taking its name from Cincinnatus, the Roman dictator, who gave up his power in order to resume his farming, which he dearly loved. Only officers of the Continental army were eligible to membership in this society. Nolan's father could possess this badge only as a patriot who had fought for his country.

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city."

On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

"In Memory of
PHILIP NOLAN,

Lieutenant of the Army of the United States.

He loved his country as no other man has loved her;
but no man deserved less at her hands."

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: casual, archives, ignored, stilted, unrequited, Bourbon, euchre, catastrophe, provincial, monotony, spectacle, court-martials, frenzy, cavalierly, plantation, tutor, swagger, substantially, traditional, quarters, rations, custody, marines, insignia, allusion, alluded, windfall, chivalry, canto, affected, *contretemps*, libel, quarter-deck, ceremony, ignore, battery, diversion, sentimentalism, chaplain, schooner, chaos, spontaneous, elements, fervent, iniquities, vegetate, upbraid, extricate, delicacy, disavowed, shrine, expiated, manifold.

2. What suggested this story to the author?

3. Who is supposed to be the narrator of the story?

4. What reason does the narrator give for telling the story of Philip Nolan?

5. Explain fully the reasons for not telling the story before Nolan's death.

6. What characteristics possessed by Aaron Burr would appeal strongly to a young military officer of spirit?

7. When did Nolan become "A Man Without a Country"?

8. What in Nolan's early training and surroundings made him readily susceptible to Burr's influence?

9. Does this excuse Nolan for his conduct?

10. What reasons had Nolan for being disloyal to his country?

11. What reasons had he for remaining loyal?

12. What prompted Nolan to wish that he might never hear of the United States again?

13. Was Nolan's sentence a just one? Give reasons for your answer.

14. Did Nolan understand the severity of the sentence when it was pronounced? Did the court?

15. Explain fully the plan for carrying the sentence into effect.

16. What shows Nolan's attitude toward his sentence at first?

17. What are the first evidences of a change in his attitude?

18. Did Nolan ever make an attempt to evade his sentence?

19. What characteristics of Nolan are revealed in the incident of his serving the gun on board the Constitution?

20. What was his attitude toward his country at that time?

21. What did the commander mean by saying to Nolan, "You are one of us to-day"?

22. Did Nolan feel at other times that he was one of them?

23. Why did he treasure the sword so highly?

24. What did Nolan do on shipboard during his detention?

25. What traits of character are revealed by these occupations?

26. Why did the incidents on board the slave ship, more than any other related, stir Nolan?

27. What did the boy who accompanied Nolan to the slave ship mean when he said that he "saw that the very elements were melting in the fervent heat," and "that something was to pay"?

28. Commit to memory: "And for your country, boy, . . . stand by her as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her to-day."

29. Explain Nolan's interest in the boys and young men on the vessels on which he was detained.

30. What evidences of Nolan's patriotism are revealed by the description of the interior of his stateroom?

31. In what sense was his stateroom his country?

32. Find in the story as many evidences as you can of Nolan's patriotism.

33. What evidences do you get from the story that love of country and love of home are closely related?

34. What evidences do you get from the story that patriotism, or love of country, is a universal feeling?

35. Describe Nolan as he was before he renounced his country.

36. Describe him as he was during the last years of his life.

37. In what way did Nolan "love his country as no other man has loved her"?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was born at Landport, England. He spent most of his boyhood at Chatham, in Kent County, which in later life he regarded as his childhood home. His mother taught him to read, and he attended school until he was nine years old. His father, who held a government clerkship, at eighty pounds (\$400) a year, was imprisoned for debt, and Charles was put out to make a living for himself. He found work in a blacking warehouse where he pasted labels on blacking bottles. Here he was associated closely with two boys older than himself, who led lives of petty thievery and gambling.

In 1826 Dickens' father fell heir to a small legacy and was released from prison. Charles then spent two years in an academy. Afterward, for a year and a half, he was an apprentice in a lawyer's office, where he studied law and mastered shorthand. He next became a newspaper reporter, and in 1831 he was appointed parliamentary reporter for one of the leading London papers. Dickens' experiences in the blacking warehouse and as a newspaper reporter acquainted him with the abuses common at that time in the administration of the poor laws. Later, in his novels, he subjected these abuses and the abuses in the English schools to such ridicule that measures for their correction were begun and carried out.

In 1842 Dickens, with his wife, made a trip to America, where his writings were quite as popular as they were at home. On his return he wrote "American Notes." A little later he published what is perhaps his most popular novel, "David Copperfield." He made a tour of America in 1857 and 1858, giving readings from his own works. One of his readings especially popular with the American people was "A Christmas Carol." This selection was originally much longer. It is here given as it was abridged by the author to serve as a reading.

In "A Christmas Carol," Dickens shows the transforming power of good will. So full of the Christmas spirit is this story, and so skillfully does the author inject this spirit at just the right moment that he transforms what would otherwise be a gruesome tale into a carol brimful of the joy and good cheer of Christmas. What became of Scrooge, the "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner," Scrooge, the "orge" of the feast, is here told in Dickens' most charming manner.

STAVE ONE¹

MARLEY'S GHOST

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register² of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change³ for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery⁴ in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile;⁵ and my unhallowed⁶ hands shall not disturb it, or the country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor,⁷ his sole administrator,⁸ his sole assign,⁹ his sole

1. *Stave One.* A stave is a division of a psalm or song. By dividing his story into staves the author carries out the idea of its being a carol, or Christmas song.

2. *Register.* Record.

3. *'Change.* Exchange; the place where the merchants, bankers, and brokers of a city meet to balance accounts and to transact business. The sentence means that Scrooge's credit was good among business men.

4. *Ironmongery.* A general name for all articles made of iron. Hardware.

5. *Simile.* Comparison.

6. *Unhallowed.* Not consecrated; unholy.

7. *Executor* (ěg-zěk'u-těr). A person appointed to carry out the provisions of a will.

8. *Administrator.* A person who is legally given the right to manage or dispose of an estate.

9. *Assign.* The person to whom property or other interests are transferred.

residuary legatee,¹ his sole friend and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized² it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood, or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father³ died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night, in an easterly wind, upon his own ramparts,⁴ than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's⁵ churchyard, for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse⁶ door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone.⁷ Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint

1. *Residuary legatee* (re-zĭd'u-ă-rĭ lĕg'ă-tĕ'). The person to whom the remainder of a property is willed after certain specific gifts from it have been made.

2. *Solemnized*. Dignified or honored with ceremonies.

3. *Hamlet's father*. In Shakespeare's play, Hamlet, the ghost of Hamlet's father appears on the ramparts of the royal castle.

4. *Ramparts* (rămp'ărtz). Protecting wall around the castle.

5. *St. Paul's*. St. Paul's Cathedral in London is the largest cathedral in England and one of the largest in the world.

6. *Warehouse*. A wholesale store.

7. *Tight-fisted hand at the grindstone*. Very close in business deals.

from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire;¹ secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster.² The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly³ in his grating voice. A frosty rime⁴ was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin.⁵ He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him.⁶ The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely,⁷ and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with glad-some looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on would tug their owners into doorways and up

1. *Struck out generous fire.* Before matches were invented fire was started from the spark made by striking flint and steel together.

2. *Solitary as an oyster.* With little desire for companionship.

3. *Shrewdly.* Sharply, or harshly.

4. *Rime.* Dew or vapor congealed into a white frost. The author likens Scrooge's white hair, eyebrows and beard to hoarfrost.

5. *Wiry chin.* Thin chin.

6. *Foul weather didn't know where to have him.* Foul weather could produce no effect on him.

7. *"Came down" handsomely.* Scrooge never gave freely to charity.

courts,¹ and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"²

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts"³ to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house.⁴ It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal, and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone⁵ three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air.⁶ The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that, although the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come drooping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing⁷ on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that

1. *Courts.* Open spaces enclosed by buildings. Short streets are sometimes called courts.

2. *Dark master.* Blind master.

3. *What the knowing ones called "nuts."* Those best acquainted with Scrooge knew he liked best to be unsympathetic.

4. *Counting-house.* Business office.

5. *Gone.* Struck.

6. *Palpable brown air.* The air was so thick with fog, dust particles, and other impurities that it could be felt.

7. *Brewing.* Making ale or beer by boiling and fermenting malt with hops or other ingredients. The fog the author describes was like the steam which rises from the vats and caldrons of a brewery.

he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter,¹ and tried to warm himself at the candle; in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation² he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose?³ You're rich enough."

Scrooge, having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

1. *Comforter*. A scarf worn about the neck in cold weather.

2. *Intimation*. Hint or suggestion.

3. *Morose* (mō-rōs'). Of a sour temper.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books, and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you?¹ If I could work my will," said Scrooge indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration² due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year,³ when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures

1. *Presented dead against you.* Showing a loss.

2. *Veneration.* Reverence.

3. *In the long calendar of the year.* During the whole year.

bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded. Becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety,¹ he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."²

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him ——. Yes, indeed, he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity³ first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" said Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why can not we be friends?"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute."

1. *Sensible of the impropriety.* Aware that he had over-expressed his enthusiasm for Christmas.

2. *Parliament.* The law-making body of Great Britain.

3. *In that extremity.* A humorous reference to the expression indicated by the dashes.

We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to¹ Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor² to the last. So a merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And a happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!" said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge, for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him; "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."³

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly⁴ gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented

1. *In homage to.* Out of respect to.

2. *Christmas humor.* Spirit of Christmas.

3. *Bedlam.* The common name for Bethlehem Hospital, a lunatic asylum in London. "Bedlam" came to mean any madhouse, and later any great disturbance or confusion.

4. *Portly.* Having an imposing appearance; stout.

by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.¹

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality"² Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute,³ who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessities; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?"⁴ demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The treadmill⁵ and the Poor Law⁶ are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

1. *Credentials*. Letters or testimonials showing that a person is authorized to exercise certain powers.

2. *Ominous word "liberality."* Scrooge dreaded the word "liberality" because it suggested parting with money.

3. *Destitute*. Those in need.

4. *Union workhouses*. Places not unlike jails, in which persons without employment were confined at hard labor and fed.

5. *The treadmill*. Vagrants and others without means of support were put to work at the treadmills as petty criminals are forced to work on rock-piles to-day.

6. *Poor Law*. Scrooge probably refers to the body of Poor Laws passed by the Reformed Parliament in 1834.

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied.

"You wish to be anonymous?"¹

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough, and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides,—excuse me—I don't know that."²

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious³ temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so that

1. *Anonymous*. The gentleman wished to know if Scrooge wanted to make a gift without having his name made known.

2. *I don't know that*. Scrooge implies that his ignorance of the condition of the poor relieves him from responsibility in caring for them.

3. *Facetious*. Agreeable; pleasant.

people ran about with flaring links,¹ proffering² their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a Gothic³ window in the wall, became invisible, and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations⁴ afterwards, as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street, at the corner of the court, some laborers were repairing the gas pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier,⁵ round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered, warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze, in rapture. The water plug⁶ being left in solitude, its overflowings suddenly congealed,⁷ and turned to misanthropic ice.⁸ The brightness of the shops, where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows, made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke; a glorious pageant,⁹ with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor,¹⁰ in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House,¹¹ gave orders to his fifty cooks

1. *Links*. Torches.

2. *Proffering*. Offering.

3. *Gothic*. A style of architecture in which the windows are pointed at the top.

4. *Vibrations*. Sound vibrations.

5. *Brazier* (bră'zhēr). A pan for holding burning coals.

6. *Water plug*. A tap in a water main, a hydrant.

7. *Congealed*. Froze.

8. *Misanthropic ice*. Misanthropic means hating or disliking mankind. Because of its hardness and chill, ice is spoken of as "misanthropic."

9. *Pageant* (păj'ěnt). An elaborate spectacle or show, often involving a parade, devised for the entertainment of the public.

10. *Lord Mayor*. The chief magistrate or ruler of London.

11. *Mansion House*. The official residence of the Lord Mayor.

and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up to-morrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan¹ had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then, indeed, he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale² him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of

God bless you, merry gentleman,
May nothing you dismay,

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial³ frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill will Scrooge dismounted from his stool, and tacitly⁴ admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

1. *Saint Dunstan*. An English monk who was a famous worker in metals. There is a story that once, when he was at work at his forge, the devil came to tempt him. The saint seized his red-hot tongs and nipped the tempter's nose with them, causing the devil to roar with pain.

2. *Regale*. To entertain.

3. *Congenial*. Kindred or sympathetic. Scrooge had a warmer welcome for fog and frost than he had for the Christmas song.

4. *Tacitly* (tăs'it-lī). Without words; without speaking.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown¹ for it, you'd think yourself ill used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning."

The clerk promised that he would, and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat),² went down a slide on Cornhill,³ at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town⁴ as hard as he could pelt⁵ to play at blindman's buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book,⁶ went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy

1. *Stop half a crown.* Hold back half a crown, the clerk's wages for the day. The British silver crown is equivalent to five shillings—a little more than a dollar and twenty cents.

2. *Boasted no greatcoat.* Had no overcoat.

3. *Cornhill.* A street in London. It derives its name from the corn market once held there.

4. *Camden Town.* A section in the northern part of London.

5. *As hard as he could pelt.* As hard as he could run.

6. *Beguiled . . . banker's book.* Caused the evening to pass pleasantly by going over his bank account.

suite of rooms, in a lowering¹ pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be, that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide-and-seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather² sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door, except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including—which is a bold word—the corporation,³ aldermen,⁴ and livery.⁵ Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley since his last mention of his seven-year-dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

1. *Lowering*. Gloomy; sullen; dark and threatening.

2. *Genius of the Weather* (jě'nĩ-űs). The spirit that was supposed to control the weather.

3. *Corporation*. The governing body of the English town or city.

4. *Aldermen*. Members of the higher branch of the town council.

5. *Livery*. The livery was the body of freemen in the city of London.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadows,¹ as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar.² It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid³ color, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face, and beyond its control, rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon⁴ it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand upon the key he had relinquished,⁵ turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution,⁶ before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door, except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on, so he said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine merchant's

1. *Impenetrable shadows.* Shadows that can not be seen through.

2. *Bad lobster in a dark cellar.* A decaying lobster, like a glow-worm, gives off in the dark a glow or phosphorescent light.

3. *Livid.* Of the ashy hue of death.

4. *Phenomenon* (fe-nöm'e-nön). A very remarkable or unusual occurrence.

5. *Relinquished* (re-lin'kwisht). Given up, or let go of.

6. *Irresolution.* Hesitation; uncertainty.

cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs, slowly, too, trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach-and-six¹ up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter-bar² towards the wall, and the door towards the balustrades,³ and done it easy. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse⁴ going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas-lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well, so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.⁵

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bedroom, lumber-room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and

1. *A coach-and-six . . . through a bad young act.* A coach-and-six was the old-fashioned carriage drawn by six horses. The whole expression was a common one in Dickens' time, used to reflect upon the looseness with which laws were often framed.

2. *Splinter-bar.* A rigid cross-bar to which traces are attached.

3. *Balustrades.* Stair rail.

4. *Locomotive hearse.* Moving hearse.

5. *Dip.* A candle made by dipping the wick repeatedly into melted tallow or grease.

the little saucepan of gruel¹ (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob.² Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fireguard, old shoes, two fish baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat,³ put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant⁴ long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles,⁵ designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter-boats, hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient

1. *Gruel*. A light food for invalids made by boiling oatmeal or corn meal in milk or water.

2. *Hob*. A shelf at the back or side of a fireplace for keeping victuals warm.

3. *Cravat*. A piece of folded goods passed around the neck and shirt collar and tied in a bow in front.

4. *Dutch merchant*. Soon after William, the ruler of United Netherlands, ascended the English throne, in 1688, many Dutch merchants settled in England.

5. *Tiles*. Plates, or thin pieces of baked clay, stone, or the like, used for making roofs or floors of buildings. Ornamental tiles, made and sold by Dutch merchants, were often used about grates and fireplaces.

Prophet's rod,¹ and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated, for some purpose now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable² dread, that, as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased, as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise, much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed, though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room

1. *Prophet's rod.* The rod of Aaron, when cast upon the ground before Pharaoh, became a serpent. When the Egyptian wise men cast down their rods these also became serpents, but were swallowed by Aaron's rod. (See Exodus vii, 10-12).

2. *Inexplicable* (in-ěks'plī-kà-b'l). Not explainable.

before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face, the very same. Marley, in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat-skirts,¹ and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash-boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind. . . .

Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes, and marked the very texture² of the folded kerchief³ bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before, he was still incredulous,⁴ and fought against his senses.⁵

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic⁶ and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you, then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular, for a shade." He was going to say, "*to* a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

1. *Coat-skirts*. Marley probably wore a long coat somewhat like the modern Prince Albert.

2. *Texture*. The arrangement and character of the threads.

3. *Kerchief*. A covering for the head or neck.

4. *Incredulous*. Unbelieving.

5. *Fought against his senses*. Tried hard not to believe what he saw and heard.

6. *Caustic*. Severe; cutting; stinging.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your own senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting¹ his own attention, and keeping down his terror, for the spectre's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit staring at those fixed, glazed eyes, in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the spec-

1. *Distracting*. Diverting; turning aside.

tre's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of his own.¹ Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, his hair, and skirts, and tassels were still agitated² as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick?" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge,³ for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge, "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all my own creation. Humbug, I tell you; humbug!"

At this the spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook his chain with such a dismal and appalling⁴ noise that Scrooge held on tight to his chair, to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror when, the phantom taking off the bandage round his head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, his lower jaw dropped upon his breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

1. *Infernal atmosphere of his own.* The ghost was enveloped with the atmosphere of the region in which he had been confined.

2. *Agitated.* Stirred up; disturbed.

3. *The charge.* Scrooge's assertion that the ghost was not real but was only the result of bad digestion.

4. *Appalling.* Frightful; fearful.

"Man of the worldly mind!"¹ replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it can not share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook his chain and wrung his shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why."

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you*?"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous² chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable;³ but he could see nothing.

1. *Man of the worldly mind.* Scrooge had centered his attention upon things of the world for so long that he had no appreciation of things of the spirit; hence the ghost called him "Man of the worldly mind."

2. *Ponderous.* Very large; heavy.

3. *Fathoms of iron cable.* In Great Britain the unit of cable measurement is the fathom, which is one thousandth of a mile in length.

"Jacob!" he said imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more! Speak comfort to me, Jacob!"

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is all permitted to me. I can not rest, I can not stay, I can not linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes, or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.¹

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time?"

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."²

"You travel fast?" said Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked his chain so hideously in the dead silence of the

1. *Deference.* Respect.

2. *Remorse.* Pain caused by a sense of guilt.

night that the ward¹ would have been justified in indicting² it for a nuisance.

“Oh! captive, bound and double ironed,” cried the phantom, “not to know that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible³ is all developed! Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness! Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life’s opportunities misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!”

“But you were always a good man of business, Jacob,” faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

“Business!” cried the Ghost, wringing his hands again. “Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance,⁴ and benevolence⁵ were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive⁶ ocean of my business!”

He held up his chain at arm’s length, as if that were the cause of all his unavailing grief,⁷ and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

“At this time of the rolling year,” the spectre said, “I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow-

1. *Ward*. A ward is a division of a city. Here the citizens of the ward are meant.

2. *Indicting*. Charging with an offense.

3. *Susceptible*. Capable of receiving.

4. *Forbearance*. Calm endurance of offenses.

5. *Benevolence*. Love of mankind, accompanied with a desire to do good to men.

6. *Comprehensive*. Vast; large; having a wide scope.

7. *Unavailing grief*. Grief which accomplishes nothing.

beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode? Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me*?"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance,"¹ pursued the Ghost. "I am here to-night to warn you, that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thankee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by three spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.²

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob"? he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you can not

1. *Penance*. Suffering which one undergoes to make amends for wrongdoing.

2. *Scrooge's countenance . . . had done*. This refers to the dropping of the spectre's jaw when the bandage was removed.

hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls One."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the spectre took its wrapper from the table and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this, by the smart sound its teeth made when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural¹ visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took the window raised itself a little, so that when the spectre reached it it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience, as in surprise and fear; for on the raising of the hand he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent² sounds of lamentation³ and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge,⁴ and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

1. *Supernatural*. Unearthly.

2. *Incoherent*. Disconnected.

3. *Lamentation*. Wailing.

4. *Dirge*. A song of grief and mourning.

Scrooge followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none were free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a doorstep. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep on the instant.

STAVE TWO

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

WHEN Scrooge awoke it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was

endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes,¹ when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater,² to correct this most preposterous clock.³ Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed, and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was, that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro, and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day, and taken possession of the world. . . .

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought.

1. *Ferret eyes.* Keen, searching eyes. The ferret is a small animal used to search out and catch rats, rabbits, and the like.

2. *Repeater.* A watch which, upon pressure on a spring, will strike, usually indicating the last hour and the quarters.

3. *Preposterous clock.* Scrooge considers the clock preposterous, or absurd, because he can not understand why it should be striking twelve.

Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through. "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chime had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to heaven, this was, perhaps, the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge, counting.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half past," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"The hour itself," said Scrooge triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed.¹ The

1. *Addressed.* Turned.

curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent¹ attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them: as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white, as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic² of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen³ of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh, green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright, clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher⁴ for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For as its belt sparkled and glittered, now in one part and now

1. *Half-recumbent*. Half reclining or half lying down.

2. *Tunic*. A loose-fitting garment worn with a belt or gathered at the waist.

3. *Sheen*. Brightness.

4. *Extinguisher*. A hollow cone with a handle attached, used for putting out torches or candles.

in another, and what was light one instant at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness:¹ being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And, in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again, distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who, and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long Past?" inquired Scrooge, observant² of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him, but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap, and begged him to be covered.³

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend or any knowledge of having wilfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

1. *Fluctuated in its distinctness.* Wavered between dimness and distinctness.

2. *Observant.* Taking notice of.

3. *To be covered.* To put the cap on.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive¹ to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said immediately:

"Your reclamation,² then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm.

"Rise, and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that the bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige³ of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

1. *Conducive*. Leading or tending toward; helpful.

2. *Your reclamation*. The ghost means that he has come to bring Scrooge back from his hard, cold, selfish nature to true manhood.

3. *Vestige*. A trace, mark or visible sign.

"Good Heaven!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous,¹ appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares, long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple, and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would.

"You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge with fervor;² "I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree; until a little market town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting towards them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country rigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."³

1. *Had been instantaneous.* Had remained only for an instant.

2. *Fervor.* Earnestness; intensity of feeling.

3. *They have no consciousness of us.* They are not aware of our presence.

The jocund¹ travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them? Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past? Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at crossroads and byways, for their several homes? What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still."

Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the high road, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola² on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes;³ for the spacious⁴ offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables, and the coach houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candlelight, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them, and

1. *Jocund* (jök'ünd). Merry; gay.

2. *Cupola*. A small structure built upon the top of a roof or building.

3. *Of broken fortunes*. Not in good repair; gone to ruin.

4. *Spacious*. Large; roomy.

disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms¹ and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent² echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the paneling, not a drip from the half-thawed waterspout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly a man, in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an axe stuck in his belt, and leading by the bridle an ass laden with wood.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!"³ Scrooge exclaimed, in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother Orson;⁴ there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him? And the Sultan's Groom turned

1. *Deal forms*. Pine benches without backs, used as seats in schoolhouses.

2. *Latent*. Hidden; concealed; sleeping.

3. *Ali Baba*. A character in the "Arabian Nights;" the hero of "The Forty Thieves."

4. *Valentine* *Orson*. Valentine and Orson were twin sons of the Emperor of Constantinople. Orson was carried off by a bear and lived in the forest, but Valentine lived at court.

upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his head!¹ Serve him right! I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess?"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and to see his heightened and excited face, would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again, after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloo! Hoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition² very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish," Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff: "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge, "nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying, as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

1. *Sultan's Groom . . . upon his head.* In the Arabian Nights tale named Bedred-din Hassan, the Sultan's Groom, a hunchback, seeks the hand of the Princess. For his impudence he is siezed by the Genii, the guardian spirits, and set against the wall, head downward.

2. *Transition.* Change.

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrunk, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that there he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and, with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously towards the door.

It opened, and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and, putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy.

"Yes," said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, for ever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be, that home's like Heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said Yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed, and tried to touch

his head ; but, being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, towards the door ; and he, nothing loath to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension,¹ and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest² old well of a shivering best parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall, and the celestial and terrestrial globes³ in the windows were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter⁴ of curiously light wine, and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered instalments of those dainties to the young people ; at the same time sending out a meagre⁵ servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap⁶ as he had tasted before, he had rather not. Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-by right willingly ; and, getting into it, drove gayly down the garden sweep, the quick wheels dashing the hoarfrost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

1. *Condescension*. The act of coming down from one's rank or dignity to mingle with one's inferiors.

2. *Veriest*. The superlative form of "very." It is rarely used.

3. *Celestial and terrestrial globes*. A celestial globe shows the heavens ; a terrestrial globe represents the earth.

4. *Decanter*. A glass bottle for holding wine or other liquors.

5. *Meagre*. Thin ; lean.

6. *The same tap*. The same kind of liquor.

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I will not gainsay¹ it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind, and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfare of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressings of the shops, that here, too, it was Christmas time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed² here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig,³ sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again."

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat;⁴ laughed all over

1. *Gainsay*. Dispute.

2. *Apprenticed*. Bound by legal agreement to serve another person for a certain time for the purpose of learning an art or trade.

3. *Welsh wig*. A worsted cap.

4. *Capacious waistcoat*. A large, loose-fitting vest.

himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence,¹ and called out, in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forever more; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music book, and went up to the

1. *Organ or benevolence.* The topmost portion of the head is supposed by phrenologists to show benevolence.

lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter,¹ especially provided for that purpose. But, scorning rest, upon his reappearance he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus,²

1. *Porter*. A liquor usually served to porters.

2. *Negus* (nĕ'gŭs). A drink made of wine and water, flavored with lemon juice and nutmeg.

and there was a great piece of cold roast, and there was a great piece of cold boiled, and there were mince pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the roast and boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley."¹ Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"²—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the

1. *Sir Roger de Coverley*. An old-fashioned dance, resembling the Virginia reel.

2. *Cut*. To "cut" is to spring in the air and alternately swing the feet in front of each other.

two 'prentices,¹ they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

During the whole of this time, Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated² everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost, and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burnt very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed to him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig, and, when he had done so, said:

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter self—"it isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

1. *The two 'prentices.* The two apprentices; the boys learning the trade under Fezziwig.

2. *Corroborated* (kõ-rõb'o-rāt-ěd). Confirmed; established; made more certain.

"What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted.

"No," said Scrooge, "no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice.¹ There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning dress, in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

1. *Avarice*. Greed.

"You fear the world too much," she answered gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid¹ reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master passion, Gain, engrosses² you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor, and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught³ with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this, I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it, and can release you."

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words. No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him, "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!"

1. *Sordid*. Of mean or low nature.

2. *Engrosses*. Takes possession of.

3. *Fraught*. Filled.

He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said, with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered, "Heaven knows! When *I* have learned a Truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless¹ girl—you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but, with her head turned from him, she resumed:

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost.

"No more!" cried Scrooge; "no more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned² him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place; a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the

1. *Dowerless*. Without dower. The dower is the property brought by the wife to the husband at marriage.

2. *Pinioned*. Held firmly; bound.

winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like that last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely¹ matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief; but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands² most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul; to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price; in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license³ of a child, and yet to have been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a

1. *Comely*. Good-looking; handsome.

2. *Got pillaged by the young brigands*. Dickens pictures the daughter as being robbed by the children.

3. *License*. Privilege.

rush immediately ensued that she, with laughing face and plundered¹ dress, was borne towards it, in the center of a flushed and boisterous group, just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught² that was made on the defenseless porter! The scaling³ him, with chairs for ladders, to dive into his pockets, despoil⁴ him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection!⁵ The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious⁶ turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that, by degrees, the children and their emotions got out of the parlor, and, by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house, where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a springtime in the haggard winter of his life,⁷ his sight grew very dim indeed.

1. *Plundered*. Disordered.

2. *Onslaught*. Attack.

3. *Scaling*. Climbing; ascending.

4. *Despoil*. Rob.

5. *Irrepressible affection*. Affection which can not be withheld.

6. *Fictitious* (fik-tish'üs). Not real.

7. *Haggard winter of his life*. His old age.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?"

"Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I can not bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, and, seeing that it looked upon him with a face in which, in some strange way, there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost, with no visible resistance on its own part, was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary,¹ Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light, which

1. *Adversary*. Opponent; foe.

streamed from under it in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed; and had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE THREE

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

AWAKENING in the middle of a prodigiously¹ tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new spectre would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and, lying down again, established a sharp lookout all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise, and made nervous.

. . .

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time he lay upon his bed, the very core and center

1. *Prodigiously* (pro-dij'ūs-lī). Astonishingly; marvelously.

of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive¹ that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion,² without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think—as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it too—at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly, and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove; from every part of which bright, gleaming berries glistened. The crisp leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that dull petrification³ of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up

1. *Apprehensive*. In dread of possible harm or evil; fearful.

2. *Spontaneous combustion*. The igniting of substances from heat generated within the substances themselves.

3. *Petrification*. The process of becoming hardened or changed into stone. The word is here applied to the hearth itself.

on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn,¹ great joints of meat, sucking pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes,² and seething³ bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch, there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn,⁴ and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost; "come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple, deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice.⁵ Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath, set

1. *Brawn*. The flesh of swine prepared by pickling and pressing.

2. *Twelfth-cakes*. Cakes prepared and sent to friends at the feast of Twelfth Day, a church festival occurring twelve days after Christmas.

3. *Seething*. Boiling.

4. *Plenty's horn*. The cornucopia, or horn of plenty, was the emblem of peace and prosperity. It was usually represented as a cone-shaped horn, filled with fruits and grain.

5. *Artifice*. Trick; device.

here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor,¹ and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique² scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten up with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for," muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night; and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a rough but brisk and not unpleasant kind of music, in scraping the snow

1. *Unconstrained demeanor*. Graceful, easy behavior.

2. *Antique* (ăn-tēk'). Old-fashioned; belonging to ancient times.

from the pavement in front of their dwellings, and from the tops of their houses, whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snowstorms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been plowed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off; and made intricate¹ channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse² in vain.

For the people who were shoveling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another from the parapets,³ and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentle-

1. *Intricate.* Complicated; interwoven.

2. *To diffuse.* To scatter; to spread.

3. *Parapets.* Low walls extending above the roofs of flat-roofed buildings.

men, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence.¹ There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girded Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars,² and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk biffins,³ squab⁴ and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race,⁵ appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The grocers'! oh, the grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and

1. *Apoplectic opulence.* Opulence means wealth or riches. The continued eating of rich food in which wealthy people sometimes indulge is said to cause apoplexy.

2. *Friars.* Traveling priests.

3. *Norfolk biffins.* Norfolk biffins were apples that grew in Norfolk, England.

4. *Squab.* Plump.

5. *Stagnant-blooded race.* Fish are cold-blooded animals. Their blood circulates sluggishly.

roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters¹ were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint, and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day that they tumbled up against each other at the door, crashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes, in the best humor possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws² to peck at, if they chose.

But soon the steeples³ called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of by-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops.⁴ The sight of

1. *Canisters*. Small boxes or cases for holding tea, coffee, or spices.

2. *Christmas daws*. Petty thieves. The jackdaw is a bird which nests about buildings and steals a great deal of its food.

3. *Steeple*s. The reference is to the bells in the church steeples.

4. *Bakers' shops*. In many foreign countries there are shops to which the inhabitants may take food to be cooked.

these poor revelers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood, with Scrooge beside him, in a baker's doorway, and, taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense¹ on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners, and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven, where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit,"² said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every

1. *Incense*. The perfume or smoke from spices and gums burned in religious ceremonies.

2. *Spirit*. Scrooge here attacks the "Spirit" as the representative of the church with its rules limiting people's pleasures.

seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge: "wouldn't you?"

"I!" said the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day," said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill will, hatred, envy, bigotry,¹ and selfishness in our name, who are as strange to us, and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully, and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen

1. *Bigotry* (bĭ'güt-rĭ). Obstinate intolerance of beliefs that are opposed to one's own.

“bob”¹ a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave² in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence;³ and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen⁴ in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

“What has ever got your precious father, then?” said Mrs. Cratchit. “And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!”

“Here's Martha, mother,” said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

1. *Fifteen bob*. “Bob” is a slang word for shilling. A shilling is worth about twenty-five cents. Hence Bob's weekly wage was about three dollars and seventy-five cents.

2. *Brave*. Making a fine showing.

3. *Sixpence*. A silver coin worth about twelve cents.

4. *His linen*. His fine clothes.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.¹

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable;² and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant.³ "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely⁴ from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young

1. *With officious zeal.* With an enthusiastic showing of motherly care.

2. *To look seasonable.* To appear in keeping with the Christmas season.

3. *Rampant.* Charging; rearing.

4. *Prematurely.* Before the proper or appointed time.

Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous¹ young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.²

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan)

1. *Ubiquitous*. Being everywhere at the same time.

2. *In high procession*. With ceremony; in parade.

hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all along the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out¹ by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone² upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses³—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

1. *Eked out.* Completed.

2. *Atom of a bone.* An extremely small bit of bone.

3. *Too nervous to bear witnesses.* Mrs. Cratchit was so anxious about the success of the pudding that she wanted no one to see her take it up.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern¹ of ignited² brandy, and bedight³ with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that, now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy⁴ to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chest-

1. *Half-a-quartern*. A quarter of a pint.

2. *Ignited*. Burning.

3. *Bedight*. Decorated.

4. *Flat heresy*. Heresy was disbelief in the doctrine of the established church and was sometimes punishable by death. For one of the Cratchits to have suggested that the pudding was too small would have been an unpardonable offense.

nuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not

adamant,¹ forbear that wicked cant² until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. O God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling, cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day!"

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious,³ stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake, and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny

1. *Adamant*. A stone supposed to be so hard that it can not be broken. Any very hard substance.

2. *Cant*. The pious, solemn words of religion used in a meaningless or hypocritical manner.

3. *Odious*. Repulsive.

Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the ogre¹ of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful² being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence³ weekly. The two Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good, long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes

1. *Ogre*. A monster of fairy tales and folk lore, who lived on human beings; hence, a hideous, cruel man.

2. *Baleful*. Full of hurtful influence. Scrooge's name had destroyed the good cheer of the feast.

3. *Five-and-sixpence*. Five shillings and sixpence; about a dollar thirty-five cents.

were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window blinds of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house, where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches! well they knew it—in a glow.

But, if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on

everything within its reach! The very lamplighter,¹ who ran on before, dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed, though little *kenned*² the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor,³ where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial-place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze,⁴ and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and, frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

“What place is this?” asked Scrooge.

“A place where miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth,” returned the Spirit. “But they know me. See!”

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children’s children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gayly in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing

1. *Lamplighter*. In cities in which the streets are lighted by gas or oil lamps a lamplighter goes about in the evening and lights the lamps.

2. *Kenned*. Knew.

3. *Moor*. Waste ground, usually marshy.

4. *Furze*. A small shrub.

them a Christmas song—it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped—whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm birds—born of the wind, one might suppose, as seaweed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other merry Christmas in their can of grog;¹ and one of them, the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figurehead² of an old ship might be, struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on,—until, being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside

1. *Grog*. A mixture of spirits and water; any intoxicating liquor.

2. *Figurehead*. The figure or statue on the prow of a ship.

the helmsman¹ at the wheel, the lookout in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for one another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss,² whose depths were secrets as profound as death—it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew with approving affability.³

"Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say is, I should like to know him, too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that, while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way, holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his

1. *Helmsman.* The man who guides a ship.

2. *Abyss.* A deep, immeasurable space.

3. *With approving affability.* In a spirit of friendliness.

face into the most extravagant contortions,¹ Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily:

"Ha, Ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece indignantly. Bless those women! they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty; exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital² face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least you always tell *me* so."

"What of that, my dear?" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He don't do any good with it. He don't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

1. *Contortions*. Twistings; writhings.

2. *Capital*. Excellent.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here, he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker,¹ not the one with the roses—blushed.

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew reveled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off, though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar,² his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleas-

1. *Tucker*. A collar of lace or linen, worn about the neck by the women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

2. *Aromatic vinegar*. A vinegar flavored with strongly scented oils or spices.

ant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his moldy old office or his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?' If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him¹ yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh now, at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle joyously.

After tea, they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sung a glee or catch, I can assure you; especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played, among other tunes, a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes) which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding-school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things that the Ghost had shown him came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought that if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his

1. *Shook him.* Started him to thinking.

own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.¹

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing² between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature.³ Knocking down the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself amongst the curtains, wherever she went, there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him (as some of them did) on purpose, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when, at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape, then his conduct was the most execrable.⁴ For his pretending not to know her; his pretending that it was necessary to touch

1. *Jacob Marley.* Scrooge's partner had buried himself from happiness by his miserliness.

2. *A done thing.* Something agreed upon beforehand.

3. *An outrage on the credulity of human nature.* Dickens means that it was an outrage to expect any one to believe that Topper could not see.

4. *Execrable* (ěk'se-krà-b'l). Deserving blame; abominable.

her headdress, and further assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck, was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together, behind the curtains.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very great, and, to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow; though they were sharp girls, too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting, in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed right, too; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel,¹ warranted not to cut in the eye, was not sharper than Scrooge; blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood, and looked upon him with such favor, that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as

1. *Whitechapel*. A make of needle.

the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited¹ from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, his nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

"Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes"; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted² their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they had ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine³ ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge'!"

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to the old

1. *Elicited*. Brought forth; drew.

2. *Diverted*. Turned.

3. *Mulled wine*. Wine that has been heated, sweetened, and spiced.

man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly¹ become so gay and light of heart that he would have pledged the unconscious company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible² speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew, and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.³

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because Christmas holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a children's Twelfth-night party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

1. *Imperceptibly*. So gradually as not to be perceived or noticed.

2. *Inaudible*. Not capable of being heard.

3. *Precepts*. Maxims, rules of conduct.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends to-night."

"To-night!" cried Scrooge.

"To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

. . .

The bell struck Twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, towards him.

STAVE FOUR

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

THE Phantom slowly, gravely, silently, approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night, and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with a solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed onward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that

have not happened, but will happen, in the time before us." Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its folds, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague, uncertain horror, to know that, behind the dusky shroud, there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed, "I fear you more than any spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge; "lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come towards him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants; who hurried up

and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals,¹ and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuff-box. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman with a pendulous excrescence² on the end of his nose, that shook like the gills of a turkey cock.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know."

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for, upon my life, I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party, and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the gentleman with the excrescence on his nose. "But I must be fed, if I make one."³

1. *Great gold seals*. In old English documents seals were used in place of signatures, hence it was necessary for merchants to carry their seals about with them.

2. *Pendulous excrescence*. A hanging growth.

3. *If I make one*. If I am one of the party.

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. By-by!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked towards the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business; very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem: in a business point of view, that is; strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good morning!"

Not another word. That was their meeting, the conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any

bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of any one immediately connected with himself to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting¹ that, to whomsoever they applied, they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clew he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the porch. It gave him little surprise, however, for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark, beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he roused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied, from the turn of the hand and its situation in reference to himself, that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder, and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools,² disgorged

1. *Nothing doubting.* Not doubting.

2. *Cesspools.* Cisterns or pits for receiving drainage from kitchen sinks, or other filth.

their offenses of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the straggling streets; and the whole quarter reeked¹ with crime, with filth and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a penthouse roof,² where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal³ were bought. Upon the floor within were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize⁴ were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupted⁵ fat, and sepulchres of bones.⁶ Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove, made of old brick, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age, who had screened himself from the cold air without by a frowzy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line, and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman⁷ alone to be the first!" cried she

1. *Reeked*. Was completely filled.

2. *Penthouse roof*. A projecting roof.

3. *Offal*. Rubbish; garbage.

4. *Scrutinize*. Inspect; examine closely or critically.

5. *Corrupted*. Decayed; rotted.

6. *Sepulchres of bones*. Piles of bones.

7. *Charwoman*. A woman hired for odd jobs of work about the home.

who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two an't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah! How it skreeks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling, we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor."

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor, and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool, crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds,¹ then? What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did!"

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman! Who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats,² I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

1. *What odds.* What difference.

2. *Pick holes in each other's coats.* Find fault with one another.

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw,"¹ pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man in faded black, mounting the breach first,² produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil case, a pair of sleeve buttons, and a brooch of no great value, were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found that there was nothing more to come.

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

1. *A wicked old screw.* An old skinflint; a wicked old sinner.

2. *Mounting the breach first.* Coming to the rescue, or saving the woman embarrassment, by opening his bundle first.

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you asked me for another penny and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal, and knock off half a crown."

"And now undo *my* bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and, having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large, heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as He was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else do you think?" replied the woman.

"He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I an't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it,

nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one, too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman, with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico an't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation¹ and disgust which could hardly have been greater though they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.²

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened every one away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. Merciful Heaven, what is this?"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed—a bare, uncurtained bed, on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

1. *Detestation.* Extreme dislike; hatred; loathing.

2. *Obscure demons, marketing the corpse itself.* Reference is here made to grave robbers who disinterred corpses and sold them to medical schools.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced around it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced towards the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it, but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the spectre at his side.

Oh, cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy, and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still: but that the hand *was* open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares?¹ They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay, in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child to say he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to

1. *Griping cares.* Cares of business that kept him from being kind and charitable.

him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone. What they wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge, quite agonized, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting some one, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of her children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband—a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now—a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good," she said, "or bad?"—to help him.

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature, if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of her heart.

"What a half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night said to me; when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay, and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me, turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep to-night with light hearts, Caroline!"

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge, "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and, as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be

seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house—the dwelling he had visited before—and found the mother and the children seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were very quiet.

“And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.”¹

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

“The color hurts my eyes,” she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

“They’re better now again,” said Cratchit’s wife. “It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn’t show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time.”

“Past it, rather,” Peter answered, shutting up his book. “But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother.”

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice, that only faltered once:

“I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulders very fast indeed.”

“And so have I,” cried Peter. “Often.”

“And so have I,” exclaimed another. So had all.

“But he was very light to carry,” she resumed, intent

1. *And he took . . . in the midst of them.* See Mark ix, 36.

upon her work, "and his father loved him so that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees, and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart, perhaps, than they were.

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas. There was a chair set close beside the child and there were signs of some one having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary

kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob—inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob—"for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard—I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the bye, how he ever knew that, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that," said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us, so much as for his kind way, that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be sure of it, dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised—mark what I say!—if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with some one, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Pete, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But, however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we?—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

“And I know,” said Bob—“I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was, although he was a little, little child, we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it.”

“No, never father!” they all cried again.

“I am very happy,” said little Bob—“I am very happy!”

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence¹ was from God!

“Spectre,” said Scrooge, “something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead.”

The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come conveyed him, as before—though at a different time, he thought; indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions, save that they were in the Future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

“This court,” said Scrooge, “through which we hurry now is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!”

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

“The house is yonder,” Scrooge exclaimed. “Why do you point away?”

The inexorable² finger underwent no change.

1. *Essence*. True underlying character; soul.

2. *Inexorable*. Unyielding; relentless.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and, wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted¹ appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One. He advanced towards it, trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

1. *Repleted*. Replenished; satisfied.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse.¹ Why show me this, if I am past all hope?"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for² me, and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In his agony he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

1. *Intercourse*. Acquaintance; intimate connection.

2. *Intercedes for*. Begs or pleads for.

STAVE FIVE

THE END OF IT*

YES! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. O Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas Time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob; on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions, that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed curtains in his arms—"they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here—I am here—the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled.¹ They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath, and making a perfect Laocoön² of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy, I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to

1. *Dispelled*. Broken up and driven away.

2. *Laocoön* (lā-ōk'o-ōn). A son of Priam, King of Troy. He angered the gods, who sent two sea serpents, which wound themselves about him and his two sons and crushed them to death. Dickens likens Scrooge, with his stocking wound about him, to Laocoön with the serpents about him.

everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going around the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh; the father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs.

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I have been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports¹ by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clash, hammer; ding, dong, bell! Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to;² golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

1. *Transports*. Very great emotion.

2. *Cold, piping for the blood to dance to*. The author thinks of the cold as causing the blood to dance.

"EH?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there?—not the little prize turkey, the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"¹

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!"² exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe

1. *Buck*. A dashing young fellow; a dandy.

2. *Walk-er*. A slang expression of Dickens's time, indicating disbelief.

Miller¹ never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker!—Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you? Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a turkey. He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed² the boy, were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself, "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas

1. *Joe Miller*. Joseph Miller was a comic actor (1684-1738), whose name was signed to a jest book published in 1739.

2. *Recompensed*. Paid.

Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when, coming on towards him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before, and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands, "how do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A merry Christmas to you, sir."

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—Here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were taken away. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi—"¹

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

1. *Munifi*——. Munificence; great liberality.

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thankee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thankee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred. "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one, when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity,¹ won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the tank.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes. I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge; "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving

1. *Unanimity*. Oneness of spirit.

Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the tank again—"and therefore, I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.¹

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop,² Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough³ in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him; but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins as have the

1. *Strait-waistcoat*. Strait-jacket; a coat of strong material for restraining madmen.

2. *Bishop*. A kind of wine flavored with oranges or lemons and sweetened with sugar.

3. *Borough*. A political division of a country organized for the purpose of self-government.

malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle¹ ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless Us, Every One!

—CHARLES DICKENS.

EXERCISES

Stage One

1. Words for definition and study: ironmongery, simile, covetous, generous, palpable, phantoms, Parliament, ridiculous, cordially, shillings, bedlam, treadmill, endeavoring, establishments, anonymous, facetious, tremulous, misanthropic, pageant, regale, tacitly, deceased, knocker, phenomenon, fire-guard, transparent, incredulous, shade, appropriate, deuce, infernal, legion, goblins, factions, susceptible, procuring, supernatural, incoherent.

2. What kind of man was Scrooge at the beginning of this story? Quote from the story to support your view.

3. Why had Scrooge retained Marley's name in the firm name after Marley's death?

4. Describe Scrooge's physical appearance. How does the author account for this appearance?

5. Explain, "He iced his office in dog-days and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas."

6. Why was Scrooge avoided by all classes of people? How did he feel because people left him so much alone?

7. Compare Scrooge's nephew's idea of Christmas with Scrooge's idea of it.

8. Explain, "the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge."

9. What does Scrooge's conversation with the two "portly gentlemen" reveal about the way the poor in England were provided for in Dickens' time?

10. What is there particularly appropriate about Marley's ghost appearing to Scrooge in Scrooge's rooms and on Christmas eve?

1. *Lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle.* "Total Abstinence" usually refers to the strict abstaining from the use of intoxicating liquors. Scrooge lived such a good life that he never afterward had need for "spirits."

11. What is there significant about the ghost's being first heard in the cellar?
12. Of what was the chain of Marley's ghost made? Why?
13. Explain, "particular for a shade . . . to a shade."
14. Explain, "there's more of gravy than of grave about you."
15. When the ghost first appeared what did Scrooge think it was?
16. Why does Marley's ghost call Scrooge, "Man of the worldly mind"?
17. What reason does Marley's ghost give for walking about and visiting men?
18. In what way had Marley forged the chain, in life, which fettered his spirit after death?
19. What is the great cause for regret on the part of Marley's spirit?
20. What does Marley's ghost say was his business when he was on earth?
21. What caused the misery of the ghosts that Scrooge saw when he followed Marley's ghost to the window?

Stave Two

1. Words for definition and study: opaque, preposterous, mature, visitation, propositions, lustrous, fluctuated, stature, "bonneted," pedestrian, shaggy, jocund, weathercock-surmounted, retention, extraordinary, instalments, thoroughfare, jovial, fellow-prentice, forfeits, "cut," deftly, sordid, fraught, pillaged, brigands, haggard, adversary.
2. Why is the Ghost of Christmas Past (Scrooge's past) described as resembling both a child and an old man?
3. Describe fully the appearance of the Ghost of Christmas Past.
4. Explain, "I am a mortal, and liable to fall."
5. Where did the Ghost of Christmas Past first conduct Scrooge?
6. Who was the boy Scrooge saw in the school house? What was he doing?
7. In what did Scrooge take delight when he was a boy at school?
8. Why did Scrooge pity his former self as he saw him at the school?
9. Why did Scrooge at this time wish that he had been kinder to the boy who sang the Christmas Carol at his door the night before?
10. Why does Dickens tell of Scrooge's sister coming for him at the holidays?
11. Describe the boy Scrooge who was apprenticed to old Fezziwig.

12. In which scene do we first become aware of a change in Scrooge's former self?

13. What are the evidences of this change? What had brought the change about?

14. Was the young lady right in breaking her engagement with Scrooge? Give reasons for your answer.

15. Compare the picture of the home of the lady as given in the next scene, with the picture of Scrooge's home.

16. Why was it impossible for Scrooge to hide the light of "Christmas Past"?

Stave Three

1. Words for definition and study: prodigiously, apprehensive, spontaneous combustion, luscious, artifice, demeanor, scabbard, compulsion, wanton, mistletoe, gratis, daws, luxurious, credulity, eked, heresy, adamant, cant, odious, plaintive, cosy, desolation, caverns, affability, infection, whims, competent, aromatic, identity, inaudible.

2. What was the purpose of the light and of the delay before the appearance of the Ghost of "Christmas Present"?

3. Describe the Ghost of "Christmas Present," and its surroundings when Scrooge entered the room.

4. Give reason for the joyousness and merriment of the people wherever the Ghost of Christmas Present went.

5. Describe the shops of the poulterers, the fruiterers, and the grocers. How did they differ from similar shops of the present?

6. What was the reason for so great rejoicing at the Cratchit's on Christmas Day? Why is the dinner described in detail?

7. Explain Bob's tenderness and solicitude for Tiny Tim.

8. Why does Bob refer to Scrooge as the "Founder of the Feast"?

9. Explain why the Cratchits were happy in spite of the hard condition in which they lived?

10. In what ways was Christmas as Dickens describes it similar to the Christmas of to-day?

11. What was the object in taking Scrooge to the miner's hut and on board ship?

12. Why did they visit Scrooge's nephew?

13. What did Scrooge learn at his nephew's about what other people thought of him?

14. What was Scrooge missing by refusing to take dinner with his nephew at Christmas? How was this loss revealed to him?

15. What is shown about Scrooge by his being able to forget himself and join in the sports?

Stave Four

1. Words for definition and study: shrouded, spectral, chinked, pendulous, excrescence, slipshod, disgorged, frowzy, flaunting, loiter, accuracy, dominion, relenting, creditor, heartily, essence, resorts, inexorable, repleted, collapsed, dwindled.

2. Why was the "Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come" a much more frightful apparition than either of the others? Why did it not speak?

3. About whom were the men on 'Change talking when Scrooge and the "Ghost" stopped to listen?

4. What is shown in these conversations concerning the attitude of Scrooge's business associates toward him?

5. What was the attitude of the criminal classes toward Scrooge? Why was this?

6. Who was the greater sinner, Scrooge or the woman who robbed the corpse and the bed on which it lay? Give reasons for your answer.

7. Why was there no one to say a kind word of the one who was dead?

8. Why was the identity of the corpse not revealed to Scrooge?

9. What was the difference, as revealed to Scrooge, between the death of this man and the death of a generous, brave-hearted man?

10. Why did Scrooge wish to see some one who felt emotion as a result of this man's death?

11. What did he find when such persons were shown to him?

12. Compare Tiny Tim's home as a house of death with the other death chamber described in this *Stave*.

13. Why was Bob Cratchit able to say, "I am very happy," when Tiny Tim was dead?

14. What lessons had they all learned from Tiny Tim?

15. What is indicated by the trembling of the "Ghost's" finger when Scrooge pleads so hard for another chance?

Stave Five

1. Words for definition and study: dispelled, illustrious, transports, recompensed, blithe, munificence, unanimity, borough, alteration.

2. What does Scrooge mean by saying, "I will live in the past, the present, and the future"?

3. Why was Scrooge extremely happy on Christmas morning?

4. What are the evidences that Scrooge was a greatly changed man?

5. Why did Scrooge take so much pleasure in his own generous acts?

6. What had been wrong with Scrooge's nature when he fell asleep on Christmas eve?
 7. What evidences are there in the story that Scrooge's nature had changed?
 8. What had brought about the wrong in him?
 9. What was the purpose of the visit of "Marley's ghost"?
 10. What was the purpose of the visit of the "Ghost of Christmas Past"?
 11. What was the purpose of the visit of the "Ghost of Christmas Present"?
 12. What was the purpose of the visit of the "Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come"?
 13. Which "Ghost" do you think had most to do in producing the change in Scrooge? Why?
 14. What do you regard as the real spirit of Christmas?
 15. What in the story indicates that this spirit is a universal spirit?
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EVANGELINE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) was born at Portland, Maine. His father was a member of the United States House of Representatives. His mother was the daughter of General Wadsworth, one of the commanders in the Revolutionary War, and through her Longfellow could trace his lineage back to Priscilla and John Alden, who came over with the Pilgrims in the Mayflower.

Longfellow is described as a model child who grew up under ideal conditions. His early education was such as to bring out the finest qualities in him. He was studious in disposition, and was early encouraged to read the best poetry. As a child he was fond of Irving's "Sketch Book." He secured his early education at Portland, and entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, in 1822. He had for classmates J. S. C. Abbott, the historian, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the novelist, and Franklin Pierce, who afterwards became President of the United States. Longfellow had begun writing poems before he entered college, and continued writing through his college days.

Upon his graduation the trustees of Bowdoin College, having decided to establish a chair of modern languages, selected Longfellow to fill the position, and proposed that he travel and study in Europe to fit himself for the work. He spent three years in Europe,

traveling and studying in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. In a remarkably short time he mastered the language of each country he visited, and acquired from his study much of culture, which he was able to transmit to his students in this country.

After five years at Bowdoin, Longfellow was elected to the chair of modern languages in Harvard College. After a year spent in Europe in preparation, he took up his work at Harvard. He lived in the historic Craigie House, which had been Washington's headquarters when he was in command of the American army before the evacuation of Boston. For twenty years Longfellow filled the professorship of modern languages at Harvard. It was during this time that he produced his best writings. In 1856 he resigned his position at Harvard, being succeeded by James Russell Lowell. The remainder of his life was spent in quiet study, in making translations, and in writing poetry.

Two years after Longfellow's death his bust was placed in the poet's corner in Westminster Abbey. He is the only American poet to whom this high tribute has been paid.

Longfellow's study of the language and literature of the Old World countries made him familiar with the rich fund of legends and folklore stories of those countries, and he used many of these as material for his poems. What is more important, this study prompted him to seek out and to put into permanent literary form the best that could be found of legend and story in our own country. As a result of this he gave us "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Paul Revere's Ride," and "Evangeline."

Evangeline is a story of the quaint, rural people who lived in Acadia, or Nova Scotia, at the beginning of the French and Indian War. Acadia was settled by the French. By the Treaty of Utrecht, between France and England, in 1713, it was ceded to the English, and its name was changed to Nova Scotia. The inhabitants were French, and shared the bitter feeling of the French people toward the English, who now became their rulers. They refused to take the oath of allegiance to England. At the time of King George's War (1744-1748) their sympathies were with the French, and they gave to the French what aid they could, even though they were subjects of the King of Great Britain. In 1755, when the French and Indian War began, they had in no way changed their attitude toward the English people. French emissaries from Quebec, which at that time belonged to France, continually stirred them up against the English, and they continued to refuse to take an unqualified

oath of allegiance to King George. The English regarded this condition as dangerous to them at the beginning of a war which was to determine whether England or France should rule in America. In 1755 the Acadians were given a last opportunity to take an unqualified oath of allegiance to England, and on their refusal to do so, an order was made for the confiscation of their lands and property, and for their removal from their homes. This order was executed in September, 1755, and the Acadians were scattered among the English colonies in America. Notwithstanding the fact that care was taken by the British and Colonial officers to prevent the separation of families, many cases of separation occurred. This poem recites one such separation.

Evangeline recounts the life history of Gabriel and Evangeline, two Acadian lovers, who, at the time of the exile, were placed on different ships and taken to different parts of the country. How Evangeline set out to find her lover, and continued the search until she had followed him over half a continent, and how her search was at last rewarded, is a story of the "beauty and strength of a woman's devotion," told by Longfellow in a manner so delightful that it is one of the richest legacies of our literature.

EVANGELINE

PRELUDE

THIS is the forest primeval.¹ The murmuring pines and
the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight,
Stand like Druids² of eld,³ with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar,⁴ with beards that rest on their
bosoms.

1. *The forest primeval.* The forest as it had stood from the first, undisturbed by the hand of man.

2. *Druids.* Priests among the ancient Celtic people of Gaul, Britain and Germany. They lived and worshipped in forests, the oak tree and mistletoe being held sacred by them.

3. *Eld.* Old.

4. *Harpers hoar.* An allusion to the minstrels of medieval times, who were generally old men with long white hair and white beards.

Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts
that beneath it
Leaped like the roe,¹ when he hears in the woodland the
voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village,² the home of Acadian
farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-
lands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of
heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever
departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of
October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far
o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of
Grand-Pré.³

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and
is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines of
the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

1. *Roe*. The roebuck or male deer.

2. *Thatch-roofed village*. A village in which the houses have roofs made of straw, rushes, reeds, or similar material, so arranged as to shed water.

3. *Grand-Pré* (grän-prä'). [French.] Literally, big meadow.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,¹
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the
eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without
number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor
incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides;² but at stated seasons the
flood-gates³
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and
cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to
the northward
Blomidon⁴ rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents,⁵ and mists from the mighty
Atlantic

1. *Basin of Minas* (mī'nàs). An eastern extension of the Bay of Fundy.

2. *Turbulent tides*. The tides in the Bay of Fundy often rise to the height of fifty feet.

3. *Flood-gates*. Gates in the dikes for letting the water in or out.

4. *Blomidon* (blöm'ī-dun). A rocky cape or headland in the Bay of Fundy at the entrance to the Basin of Minas.

5. *Sea-fogs pitched their tents*. Fogs and mists hang over the ocean about the coast of Nova Scotia as they do about Newfoundland. They are caused by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream meeting the cold currents from the north.

Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
descended.

There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian
village.

Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of
hemlock,

Such as the peasants of Normandy¹ built in the reign of
the Henries.²

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows;³ and
gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-
way.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly
the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in
kirtles⁴

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs⁵ spinning the
golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles⁶ within
doors

Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the
songs of the maidens.

1. *Normandy*. A province in Northwestern France from which many of the Acadians came.

2. *Reign of the Henries*. Henry II., Henry III., and Henry IV. reigned in France in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

3. *Dormer-windows*. Vertical windows placed in small gables rising from a sloping roof.

4. *Kirtles*. Women's gowns, or dresses; short skirts worn as outer garments.

5. *Distaffs*. Staffs for holding bunches of flax, tow, or wool, from which thread is spun by the spinning wheel or by hand.

6. *Shuttles*. Instruments used in weaving for passing or shooting the cross thread between the threads running lengthwise.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the
children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless
them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons
and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate wel-
come.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely
the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the
belfry
Softly the Angelus¹ sounded, and over the roofs of the
village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascend-
ing,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love thesesimpleAcadianfarmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they
free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of
republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of
the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in
abundance.

1. *Angelus*. The bell rung in Roman Catholic countries at morning, noon and night to call the people to prayer in commemoration of the visit of the "Angel" of God to the Virgin Mary is called the Angelus. The term Angelus is also applied to the prayer.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin
of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine,¹ the wealthiest farmer of Grand-
Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his
household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the
village.
Stalworth² and stately in form was the man of seventy
winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-
flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as
brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn
by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the
meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noon-
tide
Flagons³ of home-brewed ale,⁴ ah! fair in sooth was the
maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from
its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his
hyssop⁵

1. *Benedict Bellefontaine* (běn'e-dīkt běl-fôn-těn').

2. *Stalworth* (stōl'wūrth). Stalwart. Bold, brave, strong.

3. *Flagons*. Vessels for holding liquor.

4. *Ale*. A fermented liquor made from malt, and usually, hops.

5. *The priest with his hyssop*. In Catholic churches the priest sprinkles the holy water over the people with a brush. The Jews used the hyssop plant in their purification ceremonies.

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads¹
and her missal,²
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the
ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an
heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long genera-
tions.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal³ beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of ex-
quisite music.

Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house of the
farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea;⁴ and a
shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing
around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a
footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
meadow.

1. *Chaplet of beads.* A string of fifty-five beads, a third of a rosary, used by Roman Catholics in counting prayers.

2. *Missal.* A book containing the Catholic service for the entire year; a mass book.

3. *Ethereal.* Spiritlike.

4. *Commanding the sea.* Overlooking the sea.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-
house,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the road-
side,
Built o'er a box for the poor,¹ or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with
its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the
horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the
barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique
plows and harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his
feathered seraglio,²
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the
selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.³
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.
In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a stair-
case,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent
inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant⁴
breezes

1. *Built o'er a box for the poor.* In some Roman Catholic countries shrines sheltering images of the Virgin Mary, or crucifixes, or boxes to receive alms for the poor, are often seen by the roadside.

2. *Seraglio* (sē-rāl'yō). A harem; a place for keeping wives.

3. *Penitent Peter.* See Matthew xxiv, 74, 75.

4. *Variant.* Changing; varying.

Numberless noisy weathercocks¹ rattled and sang of mutation.²

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his
household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his
missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of
her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness be-
friended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her
footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker
of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint³ of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he
whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse,⁴ the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all
men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and
nations,

1. *Weathercocks*. Devices to show the direction of the wind. They are called weathercocks because they were originally made in the form of a cock.

2. *Mutation*. Change.

3. *Patron Saint*. The saint regarded as the protector of the village.

4. *Lajeunesse* (lä-zhe-nēs').

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest
childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father
Felician,¹
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught
them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church
and the plain-song.²
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson com-
pleted,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the black-
smith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to
behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-
thing,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the
cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.³
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering
darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every
cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring
bellows,

1. *Felician* (fe-līsh'ī-ăn).

2. *Plain-song*. A chant used in the Catholic Church. The music is of the simplest kind, and is not subject to the strict rules of time.

3. *The tire of the cart wheel . . . a circle of cinders*. The blacksmith first expanded the tire by heating it in a fire on the ground. The tire was then slipped on the wheel. It contracted upon cooling, gripping the wheel so tightly that it would not come off.

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the
ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the
chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the
meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the
rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the
swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its
fledglings;¹
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the
swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were
children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the
morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought
into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a
woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie"² was she called; for that was
the sunshine

1. *The wondrous stone . . . of its fledgelings.* "If the eyes of one of the young of a swallow be put out, the mother bird will bring from the sea-shore a little stone, which will immediately restore its sight; fortunate is the person who finds this little stone in the nest, for it is a miraculous remedy." Pluquet, *Contes Populaires*, quoted by Wright, *Literature and Superstitions of England in the Middle Ages*, I. 128.

2. *Saint Eulalie* (û-lâ-lê'). Saint Eulalie was a female martyr of the early church. An old proverb says, "If the sun shines on Saint Eulalie's Day (February 12), there will be plenty of apples and cider enough."

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards
with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and
abundance,
Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow
colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion¹ enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the
ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of
September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the
angel.²
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their
honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the
foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that
beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-
Saints!³

1. *Sign of the Scorpion.* The eighth of the twelve signs of the zodiac, or belt in the heavens, through which the sun passes in its apparent yearly course. It is entered by the sun October 23.

2. *As Jacob of old with the angel.* See Genesis xxxii, 24.

3. *Summer of All-Saints.* Indian summer. In Acadia this period of weather occurs during the latter part of October and the early part of November. It takes the name Summer of All-Saints from All-Saints Day, November 1.

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and
the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart
of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony
blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the
farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the
great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors
around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of
the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree¹ the Persian adorned with
mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and
stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight
descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds
to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on
each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of
evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,

1. *Plane-tree.* A tropical tree with wide leaves and spreading form. The Persian King Xerxes admired a beautiful plane-tree so much that he adorned it with fine robes and jewels and placed a soldier to guard it.

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved
from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from
the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed
the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his
instinct,¹
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent² of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their
protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence
the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the
marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and
their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous
saddles,³
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of
crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with
blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their
udders

1. *His instinct.* The watch-dog's instinct gives him the ability to control and protect the sheep.

2. *Regent.* One who governs a kingdom during the childhood, absence or disability of the regular ruler.

3. *Saddles.* Arched supports on the horse's harness, across the back, behind the shoulders. The check-rein hooks and the rings through which the lines pass are mounted on them.

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular
cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the
farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves¹ of the
barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the
farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and
the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures
fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into
darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-
chair
Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter² plates on
the dresser³
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the
sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christ-
mas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him

1. *Valves.* The leaves or wings of double doors.

2. *Pewter.* An alloy consisting chiefly of tin and lead. It was used to make plates, spoons and tankards.

3. *Dresser.* A cupboard for dishes and cooking utensils.

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.¹

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,²

Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,

Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes³ it was Basil the blacksmith,

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

1. *Burgundian vineyards.* Burgundy was an old province in the eastern central part of France. It was famous for its vineyards and its wines.

2. *Drone of the bagpipe.* The continuous low or bass tones accompanying the melody of the bagpipe. These tones are produced by pipes called drones.

3. *Hob-nailed shoes.* Shoes whose soles are protected by short nails with wide heads.

“Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on
the settle¹

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;

Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon² through the mist of the marshes.”

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—

“Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.”

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—

“Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau’s³ mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.

1. *Settle*. A seat.

2. *Harvest moon*. The moon near the full at the time of harvest, or just after the autumnal equinox.

3. *Gaspereau* (gàs-pě-rō). A river in Acadia, near the mouth of which was the village of Grand-Pré.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are com-
manded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's
mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean
time
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some friendlier
purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in
England
By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle
and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the
blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he
continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten,¹ nor Beau Séjour, nor Port
Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its out-
skirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all
kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe
of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our
cornfields,

1. *Louisburg is not forgotten* (lōō'ī-bürg). Louisburg, a strong French fortification on Cape Breton Island, was attacked and taken by the English in 1734. Fort Beau Séjour (bō-sā-zhōōr') and Port Royal, which afterward became Annapolis, were taken in 1749.

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of
sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the
contract.¹

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the
village

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the
glebe² round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a
twelvemonth.

René Leblanc³ will be here anon, with his papers and ink-
horn.⁴

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our
children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her
lover's,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had
spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary⁵ entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the
ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary
public;

1. *The night of the contract.* The night when the agreement of marriage between Gabriel and Evangeline was to be signed. Among the Acadians this was an occasion of great importance, and was usually attended by feasts and merrymaking.

2. *Glebe.* A plot of cultivated ground.

3. *René Leblanc* (re-nā' le-blān').

4. *Inkhorn.* An inkstand made of horn.

5. *Notary.* One who attests contracts and other legal documents; a notary public.

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize,¹
 hung
 Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses
 with horn bows
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great
 watch tick.
 Four long years in the times of the war² had he languished
 a captive,
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the
 English.
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and child-
 like.
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou³ in the forest,
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water the
 horses,
 And of the white Létiche,⁴ the ghost of a child who un-
 christened
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of
 children;
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,⁵

1. *The silken floss of the maize.* This refers to the glossy silk of the corn.

2. *The war.* This may refer either to Queen Anne's War, or to King George's War.

3. *Loup-garou* (lōō'-gâr-ōō'). Man-wolf. A human being who had the power to turn himself into a wolf and still retain human intelligence.

4. *Létiche* (lā-tēsh').

5. *The oxen talked in the stable.* This legend is probably a form of the old story that on Christmas Eve the cattle in the stables fell on their knees in worship of the Savior. The still older legends tell of how the oxen in the stable at Bethlehem did this in adoration of the Christ Child at the time of His birth.

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nut-shell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth,¹ yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible² blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice

1. *In sooth.* In truth.

2. *Irascible* (i-rās'ī-b'l). Irritable; quick-tempered.

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often con-
soled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port
Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to
repeat it

When his neighbors complained that any injustice was
done them.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer re-
member,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left
hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the
people.

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the
balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine
above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were cor-
rupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were op-
pressed, and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's
palace

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the
thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its
left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the
balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was in-
woven.”
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended,
the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no
language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as
the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the
winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-
brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the
village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-
horn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the
parties,
Naming the dower¹ of the bride in flocks of sheep and in
cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were com-
pleted,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the
margin.

1. *Dower.* The property which a woman brings to her husband at marriage.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the
table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the
bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and
departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board¹ out of its
corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old
men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made
in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's
embrasure,²
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon
rise
Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the
belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew,³ and straight-
way

1. *Draught-board* (dråft). Checkerboard.

2. *Embrasure* (ëm-brā'zhūr). The sloping or beveling of the wall around a window.

3. *Curfew*. A corruption from the French *couvre-feu*, which means "cover fire." In the Middle Ages a bell was rung at a certain hour in the evening, warning people to cover their fires and go to bed.

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.

Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.¹

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with

1. *Tremulous tides of the ocean.* The author has reference in these lines to the influence of the moon on the tides.

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the
orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp
and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of
sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the
moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a
moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the
moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her
footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with
Hagar!¹

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of
Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding
at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the
morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neigh-
boring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

1. *Ishmael wandered with Hagar.* See Genesis xxi, 14.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the
 young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous
 meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in
 the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the
 highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were
 silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups
 at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
 feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers to-
 gether,
All things were held in common, and what one had was
 another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more
 abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome
 and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she
 gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the
 notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the
 bee hives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts
and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on
his snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the
fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from
the embers.

Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de*
Dunquerque,¹

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the black-
smith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
sonorous

Scounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a
drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in
the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung
on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the
forest.

1. *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunquerque*. These were the titles of popular songs, much used on festival occasions.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly
among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
clangor¹
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and
casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal²
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps
of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-
mission.³
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s
orders.⁴
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered
his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my
temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be
grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our
monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of
all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from
this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell
there

1. *Dissonant clangor.* Harsh, unmusical sounds.

2. *Ponderous portal.* Heavy door.

3. *Commission.* A writing, giving one authority to do some specific act.

4. *His Majesty’s orders.* By the order of King George II.

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's
pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer,¹
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the
hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his
windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from
the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and
then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the
door-way.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce impre-
cations²

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads
of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the black-
smith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly
he shouted,—

"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn
them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes
and our harvests!"

1. *Solstice of summer.* The time when the sun's rays are vertical
at the Tropic of Cancer.

2. *Imprecations.* Curses.

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of
a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the
pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry conten-
tion,
Lo! the door of the chancel¹ opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the
altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into
silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and
mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum,² distinctly the
clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has
seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils³ and prayers and
privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and for-
giveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you
profane it⁴

1. *Chancel*. The part of the church in front of the altar. It was formerly enclosed by crossbars of lattice work; now a railing is used.

2. *Tocsin's alarum*. The warning sound given by the bell of a clock before it strikes the hour.

3. *Vigils*. Devotional watchings.

4. *Profane it*. Treat it with disrespect.

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing
upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy com-
passion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father,
forgive them!'¹
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked
assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of
his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate
outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer and said, "O Father, for-
give them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed
from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the
people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave
Maria²
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with
devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah³ ascending to
heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill,
and on all sides

1. *O Father, forgive them.* See Luke xxiii, 34.

2. *Ave Maria* (ä'vå mä-rē'ä). The first two words of the in-
vocation or prayer, Hail Mary, addressed to the Virgin Mary.

3. *Like Elijah.* See II Kings ii, 11.

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy,

And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village, Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering
vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending
from Sinai.¹
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline
lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the
windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by
emotion,
“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no
answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave
of the living.²
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of
her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the
supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her
chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the
window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing
thunder

1. *Like the Prophet descending from Sinai* (sī'nī). Exodus xxxiv, 33-35.

2. *Gloomier grave of the living*. The church in which the men were imprisoned.

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world
He created !
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice
of Heaven ;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slum-
bered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the
fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-
house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful pro-
cession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the
sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and
the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the
oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments
of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there
on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats
ply;¹

1. *Did the boats ply.* The boats made trips back and forth from the shore to the ships, carrying the goods of the Acadians.

All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.

Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting, Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.

Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.

Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,

Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,

So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain! Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,

Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of
affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession ap-
proached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet
him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder,
and whispered,—
“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may
happen!”
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for
her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his
aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his
eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his
bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and em-
braced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort
availed not.
Thus to the Gasperau’s mouth moved on that mournful
procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too
late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest en-
treaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her
father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and
the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the reflux¹
ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-
beach
Covered with waifs² of the tide, with kelp³ and the slippery
sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the
wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer⁴ after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost⁵ caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leav-
ing
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the
sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from
their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from
their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of
the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of
the milk-maid.

1. *Reflux* (rěf'lōō-ent). Flowing back from the land; ebbing.

2. *Waifs*. Things carried up on the beach by the tide.

3. *Kelp*. A seaweed from which iodine is made. The ashes of kelp are used in the manufacture of glass.

4. *Leaguer*. The camp of an army.

5. *Nethermost*. Lowest.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus
sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from
the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been
kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks
in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were
gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying
of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his
parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and
cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.¹
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with
her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought
or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been
taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer
him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not,
he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-
light.

1. *Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore* (mĕl'ĭ tà). Acts xxviii.
Melita is the Biblical name for the Island of Malta.

"*Benedicite!*"¹ murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.

More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents

Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,

Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,

Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them Moved on their way, unperturbed² by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red

Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon

Titan-like³ stretches its hundred hands upon the mountain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers and piling huge shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.⁴

1. *Benedicite* (běn'e-dīs'ĩ-te). Bless you.

2. *Unperturbed*. Not disturbed.

3. *Titan-like*. The Titans were a fabled race of giants who waged war with the gods. In this war they piled up a huge mountain near Mount Olympus to enable them to fight with the gods.

4. *Roadstead*. A protected place of anchorage outside the harbor.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering
hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds¹ and the burning
thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred
house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-
mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore
and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their
anguish,

“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of
Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-
yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of
cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs inter-
rupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping
encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the
Nebraska,²

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed
of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds
and the horses

1. *Gleeds*. Burning coals.

2. *Nebraska*. The Platte River.

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed
o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest
and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened
before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent com-
panion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on
the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his
bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious¹ slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multi-
tude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing
upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the land-
scape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces
around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of
our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-
yard.”

1. *Oblivious.* Causing forgetfulness.

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste
by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book,¹ they buried the farmer of Grand-
Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of
sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congrega-
tion,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the
dirges.
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the
ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying
landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of em-
barking;
And with the ebb of the tide² the ships sailed out of the
harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the
village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of
Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,

1. *Without bell or book.* Without the tolling of the bell or the reading from the prayer-book—the usual burial ceremonies of the church.

2. *Ebb of the tide.* It was necessary for the ships to sail with the falling tide, because only then could they pass the cape with the current. Sailing vessels never attempt to pass against that tide.

Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind
 from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of
 Newfoundland.¹
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to
 city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
 savannas,—²
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
 Father of Waters³
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the
 ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
 mammoth.⁴
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,
 heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor
 a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the
 churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and
 wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young: but, alas! before her extended,

1. *Banks of Newfoundland.* Elevations or raised portions of the bed of the ocean near Newfoundland, which cause shallows and shoal water.

2. *Savannas.* Meadow prairies; great treeless plains.

3. *Father of Waters.* The Mississippi River. "Mississippi" is the Indian term for "father of waters."

4. *Bones of the mammoth.* The mammoth was an animal resembling the elephant. It was larger in size and had long hair. It is now extinct, but its bones are found at various places in the Mississippi Valley.

Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and
suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and
abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the
sunshine.¹
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, un-
finished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever
within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the
spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and en-
deavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the
crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in
its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside
him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,²
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved
and known him,

1. *Bones that bleach in the sunshine.* The trail to the Far West was marked by the bones of many travelers and of thousands of animals, mostly oxen, that died of thirst on the journey.

2. *Inarticulate whisper.* A whisper not spoken clearly.

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "Oh yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

Coueurs-des-Bois¹ are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh yes! we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur² in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? Others Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal? Here is Baptiste Leblanc,³ the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."⁴

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I can not!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

1. *Coueurs-des-Bois* (kōō'rûr'dē bwä'). Frenchmen or half-breeds who accompanied the early fur traders in the Northwest. They paddled the canoes, carried the goods and canoes at the portages, and assisted in collecting furs from the Indians.

2. *Voyageur* (vwà-yà-zhûr'). A river boatman; a trapper.

3. *Baptiste Leblanc* (bà-tēst' le-blän).

4. *Left to braid St. Catherine's tresses*. St. Catherine of Alexandria and St. Catherine of Siena were both celebrated for their vows to remain unwedded. "Left to braid St. Catherine's tresses," is an expression that was applied to unmarried women.

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,¹
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh
within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the
fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of
affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is
godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is
made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and
waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whis-
pered, "Despair not!"

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless
discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards² and thorns of
existence.

Let me essay,³ O Muse!⁴ to follow the wanderer's foot-
steps;—

1. *Father confessor.* The priest to whom one confesses.

2. *Shards.* Rough, jagged fragments.

3. *Essay.* Endeavor; try.

4. *Muse.* According to Greek mythology there were nine muses, several of whom were especial patrons of poetry. Poets frequently call upon the muses, or a muse, for inspiration.

Not through each devious¹ path, each changeful year of
existence,
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the
valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its
water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms²
that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous mur-
mur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an
outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful
River,³
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian
boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the ship-
wrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common
misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by
hearsay,

1. *Devious* (dē'vī-ūs). Rambling.

2. *Sylvan glooms*. Glooms of the forest.

3. *Beautiful River*. The Ohio River. On the earliest maps the Ohio River is named the Beautiful River. "Beautiful" is said to be the meaning of the Indian name Ohio.

Sought for their kith and their kin¹ among the few-acred farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.²
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

Now through rushing chutes,³ among green islands, where plume like

Cotton-trees⁴ nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons,⁵ where silvery sand-bars Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling⁶ waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans⁷ waded.

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,

1. *Their kith and their kin.* Their friends and relatives.

2. *The Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas* (öp-ě-lōō'sàs). Between the 1st of January and the 13th of May, 1765, about six hundred and fifty Acadians had arrived at New Orleans. The existence of a French population there attracted the exiles, and they were sent by the authorities to form settlements in Attakapas and Opelousas. They afterward established themselves on both sides of the Mississippi from the German Coast to Baton Rouge and even as high as Pointe Coupée. Hence the name of Acadian Coast, which a portion of the banks of the river still bears. See Gayarré's *History of Louisiana, the French Dominion*, vol. II. [*From Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works, Cambridge Edition.*]

3. *Chutes.* "Chute" is the term applied, especially in the lower Mississippi, to a narrow channel with a free current.

4. *Cotton-trees.* Probably cottonwood trees are meant.

5. *Lagoons.* Shallow lakes or ponds connected with the river.

6. *Wimpling.* Rippling or undulating.

7. *Pelican.* A water fowl larger than the swan, living on the edges of rivers and lakes and feeding on fish.

Shaded by china-trees,¹ in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-
cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual
summer,

Where through the Golden Coast,² and groves of orange
and citron,

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and entering the
Bayou of Plaquemine,³

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous⁴ boughs of
the cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the
herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on
the water,

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining
the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.

1. *China-trees*. Either the soapberry, or the Asiatic Chinaberry tree, both of which are frequently found in the Southern States.

2. *Golden Coast*. A region in Louisiana.

3. *Bayou of Plaquemine* (bī'ōō, plāk-mēn'). A bayou on the west side of the river, near Baton Rouge.

4. *Tenebrous*. Dark; gloomy.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and
sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be com-
passed.¹
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the
prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,²
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has
attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that
faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the
moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of
a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered be-
fore her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and
nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of
the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a
blast on his bugle.

1. *Compassed.* Comprehended.

2. *Mimosa.* The sensitive plant, whose leaves shrink or fold
upon being touched.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors¹ leafy the
blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the
forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to
the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant
branches;²
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the dark-
ness;
And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was
the silence.
'Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through
the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-
songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
While through the night were heard the mysterious sounds
of the desert,³
Far off,—indistinct,—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane⁴ and the roar of the
grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades;
and before them

1. *Colonnades and corridors.* A colonnade is a series of columns placed at regular intervals. A corridor is a narrow passageway. The reference here is to tall, straight, regularly shaped trees growing in such a manner that they suggest the idea of colonnades and corridors.

2. *Reverberant branches.* Branches sending back the sound.

3. *Desert.* The wilderness or solitude.

4. *Whoop of the crane.* The whooping crane is a large white bird with long legs. Its cry is a piercing whoop that can be heard for a great distance.

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.¹
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the
lotus²

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,³

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges
of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were sus-
pended.

Under the boughs of Wachita⁴ willows, that grew by the
margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the
greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slum-
bered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope⁵ of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower⁶ and the
grapevine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,⁷

1. *Lakes of the Atchafalaya* (ăch-â-fâ-lî'â). Lakes formed by a broadening of the Atchafalaya Bayou, which is located at the mouth of the Red River.

2. *Lotus*. A beautiful flower resembling the water lily.

3. *Magnolia blossoms*. The large, fragrant blossom of the magnolia tree, common in our Southern States.

4. *Wachita* (wôsh'e-tô). A tributary of the Mississippi River in Louisiana.

5. *Cope*. Anything that arches overhead; the covering.

6. *Trumpet flower*. A climbing plant with large tubular flowers.

7. *Aloft like the ladder of Jacob*. Genesis xxviii, 10-12.

On whose pendulous¹ stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom
to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered
beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening
heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and
trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison
and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and
careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a
sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly²
written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee³ of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of pal-
mettos,⁴

1. *Pendulous*. Hanging; swinging.

2. *Legibly*. Plainly; clearly.

3. *Lee*. Protection; shelter, usually from the wind.

4. *Palmettos*. Palm trees growing in the Southern States. The stem grows without branches to a height of from twenty to fifty feet, and is crowned by a head of large leaves.

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in
the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,
were the sleepers.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering
maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the
prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes¹ had died in the
distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?

Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous
fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he
answered,—

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me
without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the
surface

Is as the tossing buoy,² that betrays where the anchor is
hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls
illusions.

1. *Tholes*. Pins in the gunwale of the boat to keep the oars in the rowlocks.

2. *Buoy* (bwoi). A float used to mark channels, rocks, or shoals. When a ship leaves her anchorage to return soon, the cable of the anchor is fastened to a buoy; thus the labor of hoisting and casting the heavy anchor is saved.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,

On the banks of the Têche,¹ are the towns of St. Maur² and St. Martin.

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana!"

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver, Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness. Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling

1. *Têche* (tāsh). A navigable bayou in southern Louisiana.

2. *St. Maur* (săN mōr').

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest
of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious¹ music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed
silent to listen.

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad: then soaring to
madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied
Bacchantes.²

Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamen-
tation;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in
derision,

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-
tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the
branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed
with emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through
the green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the wood-
land,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring
dwelling;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of
cattle.

1. *Delirious*. Wild; rapturous.

2. *Frenzied Bacchantes* (băk-kăn'tēz). Those who took part in keeping the feast of Bacchus, the god of wine and revelry. At these feasts there was much frenzied riot and dancing.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks,
from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss¹ and of mystic mistletoe²
flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at
Yule-tide,³
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A
garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of
timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious
veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended
around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and
sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in
shadow,

1. *Spanish moss*. A plant of copious growth, which hangs in garlands or festoons from the trees in the Southern States. It is of silvery gray foliage.

2. *Mistletoe*. A parasitic plant which grows on the trees in the Southern States. It was an object of superstitious regard among the ancient Celtic peoples, and was used by the Druids in their mystic or secret religious rites.

3. *Yule-tide*. The Christmas season.

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a path-
way

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limit-
less prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the
tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-
vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the
prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet¹ of deer-
skin.

Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish
sombrero²

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its
master.

Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were
grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory fresh-
ness

That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the land-
scape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded

1. *Dóuble*t. A close-fitting garment for men, covering the body from neck to waist.

2. *Sombrero* (sŏm-bră'rŏ). A hat with a broad brim, used extensively in southwestern United States.

Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of
the evening.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse¹ currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er
the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the
distance.

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the
gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing
to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement,
and forward

Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the
blacksmith.

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and
answer

Gave they vent to their hearts,² and renewed their friendly
embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and
thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts
and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat em-
barrassed,

Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atcha-
falaya,

1. *Adverse*. Opposed.

2. *Gave they vent to their hearts*. They allowed their emotions
free play.

How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat
on the bayous?"

Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
passed.

Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous
accent,

"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his
shoulder,

All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and
lamented.

Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he
said it,—

"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my
horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his
spirit

Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence,
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and
sent him

Unto the town of Adayes¹ to trade for mules with the
Spaniards.

Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark
Mountains,

Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the
beaver.

Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive
lover;

1. *Adayes* (ä-dä'yēs). A town in Texas.

He is not far on his way, and the Fates¹ and the streams
are against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the
morning

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of
the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the
fiddler.

Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on
Olympus,²

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian
minstrel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and
straightway

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the
old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, en-
raptured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,³
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and
daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the *ci-devant*⁴
blacksmith,

1. *The Fates*. The three women who were supposed to control the fortunes and destinies of every human being. The term is here somewhat freely used to mean chances, or external circumstances.

2. *Olympus* (ō-līm'pus). A mountain in ancient Greece on whose summit the gods were supposed to dwell.

3. *Gossips*. Familiar acquaintances.

4. *Ci-devant* (sē-dē-vān'). Former. [French; *ci* from *ici*, here; and *devant*, before.]

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;¹
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.²
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches³ tobacco,

1. *Patriarchal demeanor.* The heads of families in early Biblical times were called patriarchs. The poet thinks of Basil with his flocks, ruling over his ranch and ranch house, as being like the patriarchs, who were usually wealthy in flocks and herds.

2. *The sudden darkness descended.* In the tropical regions there is little or no twilight, and darkness comes on quickly.

3. *Natchitoches* (năk'ī-tōsh). A parish or district of Northwestern Louisiana.

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as
they listened:—

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been
friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance
than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel
through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and
grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the
prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of
timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into
houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with
harvests,

No King George of England¹ shall drive you away from
your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms
and your cattle.”

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his
nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the
table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician,
astounded,

1. *No King George of England.* This land at that time belonged to Spain.

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:—

“Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever! For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nutshell!”

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.

It was the neighboring Creoles¹ and small Acadian planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman.

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors: Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,

Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together. But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding From the accordant² strings of Michael’s melodious fiddle, Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted, All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening

Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,

1. *Creoles*. White settlers descended from the French or Spanish settlers in Louisiana and the other Gulf States. They preserve the speech and culture of their ancestors.

2. *Accordant*. Harmonious.

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the
garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.¹
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate² her soul with indefinable longings,

1. *Carthusian* (kär-thū'zhǎn). An order of monks taking their name from the village of Chartreuse in France. The members of the order are not allowed to go out of their cells except to church, and one of their rules is perpetual silence. They talk together but once a week, and are not allowed to speak to any one outside of the order without permission.

2. *Inundate*. Fill to overflowing; flood.

As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of
the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless
prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite num-
bers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and
worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that
temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,
"Upharsin."¹
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the
fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I can not behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach
me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands
around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy
slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about
thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill
sounded

1. *Upharsin* (ū-fär'sin). One of the words in the mysterious "handwriting on the wall" in Belshazzar's banquet hall. See Daniel v.

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:¹

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "Tomorrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears,² and anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son³ from his fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin,⁴ who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,

1. *Oracular caverns of darkness.* In ancient Greece the gods were supposed to reveal the future to mortals through oracles. These oracles were frequently located in caves.

2. *Bathed his shining feet with their tears.* See Luke vii, 37-38.

3. *Prodigal Son.* See Luke xv, 11-32.

4. *Foolish Virgin.* See Matthew xxv, 1-13.

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding
before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they the trace of his course, in lake or forest or
river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and
uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and
desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the
garrulous¹ landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides and com-
panions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West² there lies a desert land, where the
mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous
summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge,
like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's
wagon,
Westward the Oregon³ flows and the Walleway⁴ and
Owyhee.⁵

1. *Garrulous*. Talkative.

2. *Far in the West*. The poet here refers to that vast region of the United States including and lying west of the Rocky Mountains.

3. *The Oregon*. The Columbia River.

4. *The Walleway* (wöl'e-wā). Probably the Walla Walla, which flows into the Columbia in the State of Washington.

5. *The Owyhee* (ō-wī'hē). A tributary of the Snake River.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
Mountains,¹
Through the Sweet-water Valley² precipitate leaps the
Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout³ and the Spanish
sierras,⁴
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of
the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the
ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibra-
tions.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous,
beautiful prairies;
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amor-
phas.⁵
Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and
the roebuck;
Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless
horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary
with travel;

1. *Wind-river Mountains*. A range of the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming.

2. *Sweet-water Valley*. The valley of the Sweet-water River, which rises in the Wind-river Mountains and empties into the North Platte.

3. *Fontaine-qui-bout* (fôn'-ten-kē-bōō'). [French; *boiling spring*.] A spring in central Colorado.

4. *Spanish sierras*. A range of the Rocky Mountains in New Mexico and Colorado. Sierras are mountains with jagged tops.

5. *Amorphas*. False indigo plants.

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's
children,¹
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible
war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable² soul of a chieftain slaughtered in
battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-
running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn³ bear, the anchorite⁴ monk of the
desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
brook-side,
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark
Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind
him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and
Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake
him.

1. *Scattered tribes of Ishmael's children.* The Indians are here compared to the descendants of Ishmael, who, with his mother Hagar, was banished as a wanderer by Abraham. See Genesis xxi, 14.

2. *Implacable.* Relentless; unyielding.

3. *Taciturn.* Silent; reserved.

4. *Anchorite.* One who renounces the world to live in seclusion.

Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of
his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at
nightfall,
When they had reached the place they found only embers
and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their
bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic *Fata Morgana*¹
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and
vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently
entered
Into their little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her
sorrow.
She was a Shawnee² woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,³
Where her Canadian husband, a *Coureur-des-Bois*, had
been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and
friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted
among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his com-
panions,

1. *Fata Morgana* (fă'tă môr-gă'nă). The Italian name of a phenomenon consisting of an appearance in the air over the sea of objects on the neighboring coast; a mirage.

2. *Shawnee*. An Indian tribe belonging to the Algonquin family.

3. *Camanches* (also spelled *Comanches*). An Indian tribe of Texas and New Mexico, very fierce and warlike.

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer
and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the
quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped
up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian
accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and
reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that
another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been dis-
appointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's
compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was
near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had
ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale
of the Mowis;¹
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a
maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the
wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sun-
shine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into
the forest.

1. *Mowis* (mō'wēs).

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird
incantation,¹
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau,² who was wooed by a
phantom,
That through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush
of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the
maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the
forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline
listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around
her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the
enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon
rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the
woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the
branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart,
but a secret,
Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the
swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits

1. *Weird incantation.* A strange, unearthly chant.

2. *Lilinau* (lē'li-nō).

Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom
had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and
the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along, "On the western slope of
these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the
Mission.¹
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and
Jesus.
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as
they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline
answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the
mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit
Mission.²
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the
village,

1. *The Black Robe chief of the Mission.* A reference to the Jesuit priest who conducted the mission. He wore a long black robe, the customary garb of the Jesuit priests.

2. *Jesuit Mission.* The Jesuits were members of a religious order founded by Ignatius Loyola in the sixteenth century. Their lives were devoted to missionary work. French priests of this order were among the early missionaries to the Indians.

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix
fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-
vines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling
beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate
arches
Of its ærial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,¹
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus² and sighs of the
branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travelers, nearer ap-
proaching,
Knelt on the swarded³ floor, and joined in the evening
devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had
fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands
of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and
bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant
expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the
forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his
wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of
the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of
the teacher.

1. *Vespers*. The evening service of the Catholic Church.

2. *Susurrus* (sū-sūr'uz). Continued hissing sound; whispers.

3. *Swarded*. Grass covered.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;

But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.” Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.” So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,— Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming

Cloisters¹ for mendicant² crows and granaries pillaged³ by squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;

This is the compass-flower,⁴ that the finger of God has planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveler’s journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter

1. *Cloisters*. The long, arched-over passages in monasteries in which the monks walked for exercise; hence, quiet, secluded places.

2. *Mendicant*. Begging. The friars who lived in the monasteries lived on alms received from the people.

3. *Pillaged*. Robbed.

4. *Compass-flower*. Our common rosin weed. The edges of the broad lower leaves are said always to stand to the north and south.

Crown us with asphodel¹ flowers, that are wet with the
dews of nepenthe.”²

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet
Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin
and bluebird
Sounded sweet upon wold³ and in wood, yet Gabriel came
not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan
forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.⁴
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St.
Lawrence,⁵
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan
forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons
and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—

1. *Asphodel* (ăs'fo-děl). In Greek mythology, the special flower of the dead. The fields of Elysium were supposed to be covered with asphodel flowers.

2. *Nepenthe*. A magic drink formerly believed to make persons forget their sorrows.

3. *Wold*. A plain; a country without woods.

4. *Saginaw River*. A river of Michigan which flows into Saginaw Bay.

5. *The lakes of St. Lawrence*. The Great Lakes.

Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian¹ Mis-
sions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,²
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long
journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her
beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the
shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er
her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-
ware waters,³
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,⁴
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.⁵
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of
beauty,

1. *Moravian*. The name of a religious body which had its origin in Moravia, Austria, at the time of the Reformation. The Moravians are distinguished for their humble piety and their missionary zeal.

2. *The battle-fields of the army*. The battle-fields of the Revolutionary War.

3. *Delaware waters*. The Delaware River forms the eastern boundary of the State of Pennsylvania.

4. *Penn the apostle*. William Penn, the founder of the Pennsylvania colony.

5. *City he founded*. Philadelphia.

And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,¹
As if they fain would appease the Dryads² whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway

1. *The streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest.* Many of the streets of Philadelphia are named from the trees of the forest, such as Oak, Elm, Chestnut.

2. *Dryads.* Nymphs of the woods; female deities who presided over the woods.

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,

Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,

Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not. Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;

Patience and abnegation¹ of self, and devotion to others, This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices, Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour. Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy;² frequenting

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city, Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected. Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated

1. *Abnegation*. Denial; renunciation.

2. *Sister of Mercy*. A nun; one of an order of women belonging to the Catholic Church, bound by religious vows to spend their lives in doing acts of charity and mercy.

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,¹

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,²
Presaged³ by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish⁴ lake, the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,

1. *That all was well in the city.* In the early days watchmen patrolled the city at night and called the hours. At midnight the call was, "Twelve o'clock and all is well."

2. *A pestilence fell on the city.* Philadelphia was visited by a terrible scourge of yellow fever in 1793.

3. *Presaged* (pre-sājd'). Foretold.

4. *Brackish.* Distasteful; nauseous.

Crept away to die in the almshouse,¹ home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and
woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and
wicket²

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to
echo

Softly the words of the Lord: “The poor ye always have
with you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy.
The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold
there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with
splendor,

Such as the artist paints o’er the brows of saints and
apostles,

Or such as hangs by night o’er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted
and silent,

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the alms-
house.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the
garden;

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among
them,

1. *Almshouse.* The old Friend’s almshouse, which stood on Walnut street, is thought by some to have been the scene of Evangeline’s ministrations and of her meeting with Gabriel.

2. *Wicket.* A small gate placed in or near a larger gate.

That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance
and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled
by the east-wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry
of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were
wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their
church at Wicaco.¹

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her
spirit:

Something within her said, "At length thy trials are
ended;"

And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of
sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous,² careful attend-
ants,

Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in
silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing
their faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the
roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for
her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a
prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the con-
soler,

Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.

1. *Wicaco* (wē-kä'kō).

2. *Assiduous* (ă-sīd'ū-ŭs). Diligent; attentive.

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets
dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the
morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible
anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old
man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his
temples;

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier man-
hood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its
portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.¹
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit ex-
hausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the
darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sink-
ing.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied rever-
berations,

1. *Might see the sign, and pass over.* See Exodus xii, 3-14.

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that
succeeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his
childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under
their shadow,

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his
bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents un-
uttered

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue
would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside
him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into
darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a case-
ment.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the
sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her
bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I
thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its
shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are
sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest
and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are
busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from
their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed
their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of
its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still
busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of
homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring
ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EXERCISES

PRELUDE AND PART THE FIRST

I

1. Words for definition and study: primeval, hemlocks, Druids, eld, harpers, roe, tradition, incessant, peasants, tranquil, anon, incense, kine, home-brewed, turret, chaplet, missal, heirloom, ethereal, woodbine, wains, antique, odorous, suitor, knocker, craft, pedagogue, forge, cranny, sledges, fledglings, valiant.

2. Locate on a map Acadia, Bay of Fundy, Basin of Minas, the Gaspereau River, and the site of the village of Grand-Pré.

3. What is the purpose of the Prelude?

4. Describe a primeval forest.

5. Describe the village of Grand-Pré and its surroundings.

6. Describe the Acadian people, their manner of living, their occupations, and their dress.

7. Explain, "There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance."

8. Describe the home of Evangeline.

9. Explain, "the barns, themselves a village."

10. Tell the story of Peter and the crowing of the cock.

11. Describe the blacksmith and his shop. In what other selections of literature is the blacksmith prominent?

12. Describe the childhood of Evangeline and Gabriel.

13. How old was Evangeline at the beginning of the story?

II

1. Words for definition and study: desolate, tropical, inclement, hoarded, advent, magical, new-created, consoled, sheen, instinct, stragglers, regent, fetlocks, saddles, cadence, valves, smoke-wreaths, fantastic, clumsily, dresser, treadles, chant, settle, ballad, forebodings, mandate, untimely, dubious.

2. What is meant by "the retreating sun"?

3. Tell the story of Jacob wrestling with the angel.

4. Describe the coming of autumn.

5. What signs of a long, hard winter are mentioned? Explain these signs. Give other similar signs.

6. Describe the coming of the herds to the homestead.

7. Why was the hay from the marshes briny?

8. Describe the scene about Benedict's fireplace before the coming of Basil and Gabriel; after their coming.

9. How did Basil regard the arrival of the ships? In what way did Benedict try to explain their presence?

10. Compare Benedict and Basil.

11. Why were the people alarmed at the order to assemble in the church to hear the mandate of the King?

12. For what purpose had Basil and Gabriel come to the house of Benedict? Why did Benedict wish the evening of the contract to be free from "shadow of sorrow"?

III

1. Words for definition and study: maize, supernal, languished, warier, guile, goblin, unchristened, writ, irascible, emblem, magpie, dower, manœuvre, infinite, curfew, spacious, tremulous, serenely.

2. Describe the notary public. Why was he especially loved by children? Explain the expression, "bent, but not broken by age."

3. Compare the ideas of right and justice as expressed by the blacksmith with those of the notary. Which was right? Why?

4. Give in your own words the story told by the notary, and explain its meaning.

5. Explain, "all his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter."

6. Why was the notary necessary in drawing up the marriage contract?

7. Give evidences of Benedict's generous nature.

8. Why did the "linen and woollen stuffs" Evangeline had woven seem more precious to her than the dower of flocks and herds given by her father?

9. What is suggested by "a feeling of sadness" that passed over Evangeline after the signing of the contract?

IV

1. Words for definition and study: clamorous, hamlets, jocund, greensward, betrothal, vibrant, sonorous, portal, dissonant, clangor, commission, convened, clement, forfeited, transported, solstice, sling, imprecations, spar, distorted, allegiance, tumult, mien, tocsin, alarum, profane, assail, contrition, tapers, translated, splendor, emblazoned, ambrosial.

2. Explain, "clamorous labor knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning."

3. What brought the people together? Why did they come in "their holiday dresses"?

4. Explain, "all things were held in common, and what one had was another's."

5. Why did hospitality seem "more abundant" at Benedict's house?

6. Describe the feast of betrothal.

7. What effect is gained by placing the announcement of the exile immediately after the betrothal?

8. What was the order of the King regarding the Acadians? What reasons were there for issuing such an order? Were these reasons sufficient to justify the order? Why?

9. What were the effects of the order on the Acadian men? Explain how the men in the church were calmed by Father Felician.

10. What effect had the news of the order on the women and children?

11. What did Evangeline do? What does this reveal regarding her?

12. What was the message of "the voice of the echoing thunder to Evangeline"? What was its effect?

V

1. Words for definition and study: ply, pilgrims, mischances, aspect, endearment, embarking, reflux, waifs, kelp, gypsy, leaguer, sentinels, nethermost, Melita, haggard, wan, Benedicite, unperturbed, roadstead, martyr, gleeds, sheeted, anguish, encampments, oblivious, trance, dirges, ebb.

2. Describe the coming of the Acadian women to the village.

3. Why did the men sing as they came from the church?

4. Describe the embarkation.

5. Describe the scene on the shore at the end of the first day of embarkation.

6. Describe the burning of the village of Grand-Pré.

7. Describe the flight of the herds and the horses.

8. Why was the effect of the order of exile so overwhelming on Benedict?

PART THE SECOND

I

1. Words for definition and study: frightened, household gods, asunder, savannas, mammoth, extinguished, emigrant, bleach, inarticulate, Coureurs-des-Bois, voyageur, shards, essay, Muse, devious, sylvan.

2. Where were the Acadians taken?

3. What caused many of them to wander over the country? Give the extent of their wanderings.

4. Explain how "The Father of Waters seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean."

5. Tell of the wanderings of Evangeline.

6. Describe the life of the Coureurs-des-Bois, and of the voyageur.

7. Explain, "that which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain."

8. What was the "labor" and the "work of affection," that the priest advised Evangeline to accomplish?

9. What did he say would be the results of this accomplishment?
10. What was the voice that whispered, "Despair not"?
11. How does Longfellow propose to tell the story of Evangeline's wanderings?

II

1. Words for definition and study: cumbrous, kith, sombre, chutes, lagoons, sand-bars, wimpling, pelicans, planters, perpetual, bayou, tenebrous, herons, demoniac, cypress, vaults, mimosa, prow, peradventure, colonnades, corridors, multitudinous, reverberant, whoop, myriads, undulations, lotus, magnolia, embowered, cope, trumpet-flower, celestial, bison, beaver, legibly, oblivion, palmettos, tholes, credulous, fancy, buoy, delirious, Bacchantes, derision, prelude.

2. How much time had elapsed between the exile and the journey of the exiles down the river?

3. Why did the exiles go to Louisiana?

4. Give the route they followed. Why was this route taken?

5. Describe the country through which they passed.

6. Explain Evangeline's strange belief that Gabriel had been near her.

7. Why does Father Felician advise Evangeline to "trust to her heart and to what the world calls illusions"?

8. Describe the song of the mocking-bird.

III

1. Words for definition and study: mystic, yule-tide, cordage, gaiters, doublet, sombrero, misgivings, tedious, fugitive, Olympus, hilarious, ci-devant, domains, patriarchal, provokes, homesteads, astounded, fever, veranda, Creoles, accordant, entranced, manifold, Carthusian, inundate, comet, whippoorwill, oracular, anointed, garrulous.

2. Describe Basil's southern home.

3. Compare the appearance of Basil on his ranch with his former appearance in the village of Grand-Pré.

4. Describe the welcome given the exiles.

5. Why had Gabriel gone?

6. Explain Basil's enthusiasm for his new home.

7. Describe the evening scene when Evangeline "stole forth into the garden."

8. Explain, "and the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies, wandered alone."

9. What were her thoughts and feelings at this time?

IV

1. Words for definition and study: precipitate, sierras, torrents,

amorphas, blight, pinions, implacable, scaling, marauders, taciturn, anchorite, crystalline, venison, hapless, weird, incantation, enchanted, audible, Jesuit, aërial, susurrus, swarded, benignant, water-gourd, betimes, interlacing, mendicant, granaries, betokened, beguile, asphodel, nepenthe.

2. What region is described in the first part of this division? Locate the rivers mentioned.

3. What kind of region was this at the time when the events narrated in the poem took place?

4. Explain the reference to "the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children."

5. Tell the story of the Shawnee woman. Which had suffered the greater misfortune, she or Evangeline? Give reasons for your answer.

6. Tell the story of the "Mowis," and of the "fair Lilinau." Explain Evangeline's feeling after hearing these stories.

7. How long did Evangeline remain at the Jesuit Mission? What caused her to leave?

8. Where did she then go? What did she find?

9. Trace her wanderings after that.

10. How long a time is occupied by the events of this division of the poem?

V

1. Words for definition and study: apostle, appease, abnegation, garrets, suburbs, presaged, brackish, almshouse, wicket, wending, assiduous, pallets, consoler, flowerets, casement.

2. Why did the Quakers in Philadelphia recall to Evangeline her old Acadian home?

3. How did Evangeline think of Gabriel at this time?

4. What lessons had her life of trial taught her?

5. Describe the work Evangeline was doing.

6. If the pestilence referred to in the poem was the one that occurred in Philadelphia in 1793, how many years had passed since she had left Acadia? How old was she?

7. Explain, "wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm the oppressor."

8. Why was Evangeline especially fitted to care for those who were suffering?

9. Had Evangeline's life and search been in vain? Give reasons for your answer.

10. How could Evangeline say, "Father, I thank thee" on the death of Gabriel?

THE DEATH OF A TITAN¹

ALEXANDER DUMAS (1803-1870) was one of the leading French writers of the first half of the nineteenth century. A large number of romances bear his name, but perhaps not more than half of them can be truly said to be his productions. For some of them he sketched the plots and other writers produced the books. In still other cases he edited the works submitted by other authors, and these works went out bearing his name.

"The Three Musketeers" was written by Dumas himself. In this book he created four of the most vivid characters in literature, D'Artagnan, Athos, Aramis and Porthos. These same characters he carries through a number of his romances.

"The Death of a Titan" is taken from "The Man in the Iron Mask." This book, while it bears the name of Dumas as author, is not included in the authenticated list of his works. It has to do, however, with the four great characters Dumas created in "The Three Musketeers." Porthos, the hero of that chapter from "The Man in the Iron Mask" which constitutes this story, "was the most unselfish, the simplest, the strongest of the great quartet, and he had the greatest heart."

Aramis and Porthos, fleeing from the soldiers of Louis XIV., to escape arrest for political offenses, had entered the grotto of Locmaria, which had an outlet leading to the sea. They were accompanied by four Bretons and hoped to escape from their pursuers by boat. They were followed into the cave by sixteen soldiers, five of whom were killed by musket fire. A second attack resulted in the loss of another five. By this time a troop of eighty soldiers had come up, and a third company entered the cave. Porthos placed himself beside a narrow entrance which they had to pass as they advanced, and slew ten with an iron bar. The others retired. By that time an entire brigade of the King's troops had approached the cave, and preparations were being made to send another company into the cave with lights.

THE DEATH OF A TITAN

AT the moment when Porthos,² more accustomed to the darkness than all these men coming from open day-

1. *A Titan*. One having gigantic strength.

2. *Porthos* (pōr-tōs').

light, was looking round him to see if in this night Aramis¹ were not making him some signal, he felt his arm gently touched, and a voice low as a breath murmured in his ear:

"Come!"

"Oh!" said Porthos.

"Hush!" said Aramis, if possible, still more softly.

And amid the noise of the third brigade, which continued to advance, amid the imprecations of the guards left alive, of the dying, rattling their last sigh, Aramis and Porthos glided imperceptibly² along the granite walls of the cavern. Aramis led Porthos into the last but one compartment,³ and showed him, in a hollow of the rocky wall, a barrel of powder weighing from seventy to eighty pounds, to which he had just attached a match.⁴

"My friend," said he to Porthos, "you will take this barrel, the match of which I am going to set fire to, and throw it amid our enemies; can you do so?"

"*Parbleu!*"⁵ replied Porthos, and he lifted the barrel with one hand. "Light it!"

"Stop," said Aramis, "till they are all massed together, and then, my Jupiter,⁶ hurl your thunderbolt among them!"

"Light it," repeated Porthos.

"On my part," continued Aramis, "I will join our Bretons,⁷ and help them to get the canoe to the sea. I will

1. *Aramis* (är-ä-mēs').

2. *Imperceptibly*. So gradually as not to be noticed.

3. *Compartment*. A room or chamber of the cave.

4. *Match*. A fuse of cotton wicking or other material, used ordinarily for firing cannons.

5. *Parbleu* (pä-r-blû'). A polite French oath.

6. *Jupiter*. The chief god of the ancient Romans. His favorite weapon was the thunderbolt.

7. *Bretons* (brët'unz or brē'tünz). Natives of the province of Brittany, in Northwest France.

wait for you on the shore; launch it strongly, and hasten to us."

"Light it," said Porthos a third time.

"But do you understand me?"

"*Parbleu!*" said Porthos again, with laughter that he did not even attempt to restrain; "when a thing is explained to me, I understand it; be gone, and give me the light."

Aramis gave the burning match to Porthos, who held out his arm to him, his hands being engaged. Aramis pressed the arm of Porthos with both his hands, and fell back to the outlet of the cavern where the three rowers awaited him.

Porthos, left alone, applied the spark bravely to the match. The spark—a feeble spark, first principle of a conflagration—shone in the darkness like a firefly, then was deadened against the match which it inflamed, Porthos enlivening the flame with his breath. The smoke was a little dispersed, and by the light of the sparkling match objects might, for two seconds, be distinguished. It was a short but a splendid spectacle,¹ that of this giant, pale, bloody, his countenance lighted by the fire of the match burning in surrounding darkness. The soldiers saw him—they saw the barrel he held in his hand—they at once understood what was going to happen. Then, these men, already filled with terror at the sight of what had been accomplished—filled with terror at thinking of what was going to be accomplished—threw forth together one shriek of agony. Some endeavored to fly, but they encountered the third brigade which barred their passage; others mechanically took aim and attempted to fire their discharged muskets; others fell upon their knees. Two or

1. *Spectacle.* A remarkable sight.

three officers cried out to Porthos to promise him his liberty if he would spare their lives. The lieutenant of the third brigade commanded his men to fire; but the guards had before them their terrified companions, who served as a living rampart for Porthos. We have said that the light produced by the spark and the match did not last more than two seconds; but during these two seconds this is what it illumined—in the first place, the giant enlarged in the darkness; then, at ten paces from him, a heap of bleeding bodies,¹ crushed, mutilated, in the midst of whom still lived some last struggle of agony, which lifted the mass as a last respiration raises the sides of a shapeless monster expiring in the night. Every breath of Porthos, while enlivening the match, sent toward this heap of bodies a sulphureous hue, mingled with streaks of purple. In addition to this principal group, scattered about the grotto, as the chance of death or the surprise of the blow had stretched them, some isolated² bodies seemed to threaten by their gaping wounds. Above the ground, soaked by pools of blood, rose, heavy and sparkling, the short, thick pillars of the cavern, of which the strongly marked shades threw out the luminous particles. And all this was seen by the tremulous light of a match attached to a barrel of powder, that is to say, a torch which, while throwing a light upon the dead past, showed the death to come.

As I have said, this spectacle did not last above two seconds. During this short space of time an officer of the third brigade got together eight men armed with muskets, and, through an opening, ordered them to fire upon Porthos. But they who received the order to fire trembled so

1. *A heap of bleeding bodies.* The bodies of the men Porthos had killed with the iron bar.

2. *Isolated.* Separated; detached from others.

that three guards fell by the discharge, and the five other balls went hissing to splinter the vault, plow the ground, or indent the sides of the cavern.

A burst of laughter replied to this volley; then the arm of the giant swung round; then was seen to pass through the air, like a falling star, the train of fire. The barrel, hurled a distance of thirty feet, cleared the barricade¹ of the dead bodies, and fell amid a group of shrieking soldiers, who threw themselves on their faces. The officer had followed the brilliant train in the air; he endeavored to precipitate himself² upon the barrel and tear out the match before it reached the powder it contained. Useless devotedness!³ The air had made the flame attached to the conductor⁴ more active; the match, which at rest might have burned five minutes, was consumed in thirty seconds, and the infernal work exploded. Furious vortices,⁵ hissings of sulphur and niter,⁶ devouring ravages of the fire which caught to objects, the terrible thunder of the explosion, this is what the second which followed the two seconds we have described disclosed in that cavern, equal in horrors to a cavern of demons. The rock split like planks of deal⁷ under the ax. A jet of fire, smoke, and *débris*⁸ sprang up from the middle of the grotto, enlarging as it mounted. The large walls of silex⁹ tottered and fell upon the sand,

1. *Barricade*. Any obstruction or barrier closing a passage.

2. *Precipitate himself*. Hurl himself headlong.

3. *Useless devotedness*. The officer had sacrificed himself in a vain attempt to save his men.

4. *Conductor*. The match or fuse attached to the barrel.

5. *Vortices* (vôr'tî-sêz). Masses of rotating or whirling fluid.

6. *Sulphur and niter*. Ingredients used in making explosives.

7. *Planks of deal*. Planks or boards made of pine, fir, or other soft wood.

8. *Débris* (dā-brē'). Accumulated fragments; ruins; rubbish.

9. *Silex*. Silica, a white or colorless, extremely hard crystalline rock.

and the sand itself, an instrument of pain when launched from its hardened bed, riddled the face with its myriads of cutting atoms. Cries, howling imprecations, and existences¹—all were extinguished in one immense crash.

The three first compartments became a gulf into which fell back again, according to its weight, every vegetable, mineral, or human fragment. Then the lighter sand and ashes fell in their turns, stretching like a gray winding-sheet² and smoking over those dismal funerals. And now, seek in this burning tomb, in this subterraneous volcano, seek for the King's guards with their blue coats laced with silver. Seek for the officers brilliant in gold; seek for the arms upon which they depended for their defense; seek for the stones that have killed them, the ground that has borne them. One single man has made of all this a chaos³ more confused, more shapeless, more terrible than the chaos which existed an hour before God had created the world. There remained nothing of the three compartments—nothing by which God could have known His own work. As to Porthos, after having hurled the barrel of powder amid his enemies, he had fled, as Aramis had directed him to do, and had gained the last compartment, into which air, light, and sunshine penetrated through the opening. Therefore, scarcely had he turned the angle which separated the third compartment from the fourth, than he perceived, at a hundred paces from him, the bark dancing on the waves; there were his friends, there was liberty, there was life after victory. Six more of his formidable strides, and he would be out of the vault; out of the vault! two or three vigorous springs, and he would reach the

1. *Existences.* Lives.

2. *Winding-sheet.* A sheet used to wrap a corpse.

3. *Chaos.* A state of utter disorder and confusion.

canoe. Suddenly he felt his knees give way; his knees appeared powerless, his legs to yield under him.

"Oh, oh!" murmured he, "there is my fatigue¹ seizing me again! I can walk no further! What is this?"

Aramis perceived him through the opening, and unable to conceive what could induce him to stop thus:

"Come on, Porthos! come on," he cried; "come quickly!"

"Oh!" replied the giant, making an effort which acted upon every muscle of his body—"oh! but I can not."

While saying these words, he fell upon his knees; but with his robust hands he clung to the rocks, and raised himself up again.

"Quick, quick!" repeated Aramis, bending forward toward the shore, as if to draw Porthos toward him with his arms.

"Here I am," stammered Porthos, collecting all his strength to make one step more.

"In the name of Heaven! Porthos, make haste! the barrel will blow up!"

"Make haste, monseigneur!"² shouted the Bretons to Porthos, who was floundering as in a dream.

But there was no longer time; the explosion resounded, the earth gaped, the smoke which rushed through the large fissures³ obscured the sky; the sea flowed back, as if driven by the blast of fire which darted from the grotto as if from the jaws of a gigantic chimera;⁴ the reflux⁵ carried the bark

1. *My fatigue*. A weakness or sinking spell which afflicted Porthos in his later years.

2. *Monseigneur* (môn-sě-nyûr'; English pronunciation, mōn-sěn'yēr.) My lord. A title given in France to princes, prelates and certain church and state dignitaries.

3. *Fissures*. Openings; cracks.

4. *Chimera* (kī-mē'rā). A fire-breathing monster of Greek mythology, described as a combination of lion, goat and serpent.

5. *The reflux*. The flowing back of the sea.

out twenty *toises*,¹ the rocks cracked to their base, and separated like blocks beneath the operation of wedges; a portion of the vault was carried up toward heaven, as if by rapid currents; the rose-colored and green fire of the sulphur, the black lava of the argillaceous² liquefactions³ clashed and combated for an instant beneath a majestic dome of smoke; then, at first oscillated,⁴ then declined, then fell successively the long angles of rock which the violence of the explosion had not been able to uproot from their bed of ages; they bowed to one another like grave and slow old men, then, prostrating themselves, imbedded forever in their dusty tomb.

This frightful shock seemed to restore to Porthos the strength he had lost; he arose, himself a giant among these giants. But at the moment he was flying between the double hedge of granite phantoms, these latter, which were no longer supported by the corresponding links, began to roll with a crash around this Titan, who looked as if precipitated from heaven amid rocks which he had just been launching at it. Porthos felt the earth beneath his feet shaken by this long rending. He extended his vast hands to the right and left to repulse the falling rocks. A gigantic block was held back by each of his extended hands; he bent his head and a third granite mass sunk between his two shoulders. For an instant the arms of Porthos had given way, but the Hercules⁵ united all his forces, and the two

1. *Toises* (twàz). A toise is a French measure of length, equaling a little more than six feet.

2. *Argillaceous* (är-jī-lā'shŭs). Consisting of clay; clay-like.

3. *Liquefactions*. That which has been converted into or exists as a liquid. The intense heat of the explosion had melted or liquefied the soil.

4. *Oscillated*. Swung back and forth; vibrated.

5. *Hercules*. A national hero of Greece, regarded as the incarnation of manly strength. The name is used of any one who exhibits great strength.

walls of the prison in which he was buried fell back slowly and gave him place. For an instant he appeared in this frame of granite like the ancient angel of chaos, but in pushing back the lateral rocks,¹ he lost his point of support for the monolith which weighed upon his strong shoulders, and the monolith,² lying upon him with all its weight, brought the giant down upon his knees. The lateral rocks, for an instant pushed back, drew together again, and added their weight to the primitive weight which would have been sufficient to crush ten men. The giant fell without crying for help; he fell while answering Aramis with words of encouragement and hope, for, thanks to the powerful arch of his hands, for an instant, he might believe that, like Enceladus,³ he should shake off the triple load. But by degrees Aramis saw the block sink; the hands strung for an instant, the arms, stiffened for a last effort, gave way, the extended shoulders sank, wounded and torn, and the rock continued to lower gradually.

"Porthos! Porthos!" cried Aramis, tearing his hair. "Porthos! where are you? Speak!"

"There, there!" murmured Porthos, with a voice growing evidently weaker, "patience, patience!"

Scarcely had he pronounced these words, when the impulse of the fall augmented⁴ the weight; the enormous rock sank down, pressed by the two others which sank in from the sides, and, as it were, swallowed up Porthos in a sepulcher of broken stones. On hearing the dying voice of his

1. *Lateral rocks*. Rocks on the sides.

2. *Monolith* (mŏn'o-lith). A single piece or block of stone.

3. *Enceladus* (ĕn-sĕl'a-dŭs). Enceladus was one of the sons of Earth who fought against the gods. As a punishment he was buried under Mt. Ætna. The ancients believed that the eruptions of this mountain were caused by Enceladus undertaking to ease himself of the burden by turning himself and shifting the great load.

4. *Augmented*. Added to; increased.

friend, Aramis had sprung to land. Two of the Bretons followed him, with each a lever in his hand—one being sufficient to take care of the bark. The last rattles of the valiant struggler guided them amid the ruins. Aramis, animated, active, and young as at twenty, sprang toward the triple mass, and with his hands, delicate as those of a woman, raised by a miracle of vigor a corner of the immense sepulcher of granite. Then he caught a glimpse, in the darkness of that grave, of the still brilliant eye of his friend, to whom the momentary lifting of the mass restored that moment of respiration. The two men came rushing up, grasped their iron levers, united their triple strength, not merely to raise it, but to sustain it. All was useless. The three men slowly gave way with cries of grief, and the rough voice of Porthos, seeing them exhaust themselves in a useless struggle, murmured, in a jeering tone, those supreme words which came to his lips with the last respiration:

“Too heavy!”

After which the eye darkened and closed, the face became pale, the hand whitened, and the Titan sank quite down, breathing his last sigh. With him sank the rock, which, even in his agony, he had still held up. The three men dropped the levers, which rolled upon the tumulary¹ stone. Then, breathless, pale, his brow covered with sweat, Aramis listened, his breath oppressed, his heart ready to break.

Nothing more! The giant slept the eternal sleep, in the sepulcher which God had made to his measure.

—ALEXANDER DUMAS.

1. *Tumulary*. Having the form of a mound.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: brigade, compartments, *parbleu*, thunderbolts, Breton, principle, conflagration, dispersed, spectacle, mechanically, discharged, muskets, ramparts, illumined, mutilated, respiration, sulphureous, principal, luminous, discharge, barricade, devotedness, conductor, infernal, work, vortices, ravages, deal, grotto, silex, riddled, gulf, funerals, subterraneous, chaos, formidable, fatigue, robust, floundering, fissures, gigantic, reflux, lava, oscillated, Hercules, monolith, augmented.

2. In what straits did Aramis and Porthos find themselves at the opening of the story?

3. What plan had Aramis for extricating them from the difficulty? What did this involve so far as the soldiers were concerned?

4. What is meant by "first principle of a conflagration"?

5. Describe the scene revealed when Porthos lighted the match.

6. What efforts were made to defeat Porthos? What were the results of these efforts?

7. Describe the explosion and the scene that followed.

8. How did Porthos hope to save himself? What prevented?

9. How is the gigantic strength of Porthos revealed?

10. What does the story reveal in regard to Porthos' character?

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823) was an Irish clergyman and poet. "The Burial of Sir John Moore," the only one of his works now widely read, was written in 1816, in the rooms of Samuel O'Sullivan, a college friend.

Sir John Moore was an English General noted for his skill in training men. He served in the English army in the American Revolution from 1778 to the close of the war. He was killed January 16, 1809, at Coruña, Spain, in a battle between the English and the army of Napoleon. In accordance with his expressed wish, he was buried by his comrades on the battle-field at night. A monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and a stone marks the spot where he was buried at Coruña.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse¹ to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet² nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

1. *Corse* (kôrs). A poetic word for "corpse."

2. *Sheet*. Winding-sheet; a sheet in which corpses are wrapped

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck,¹ if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

—CHARLES WOLFE.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: corse, discharged, bayonets, shroud, martial, steadfastly, billow, ashes, reck, Briton, random, gory.

2. Why was there no roll of drum or discharge of gun at this burial? Why did it occur at dead of night?

3. Describe the digging of the grave?

4. Why was the funeral so simple?

5. Why were no words of sorrow spoken?

6. What caused the bitterness in their thought of "the morrow"?

7. What is suggested regarding the hero by the last two lines of the poem?

8. Which is the greater memorial of Sir John Moore, this poem or the monument erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, London?

1. *Reck*. Care; take heed.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA (1820-1867) was an American poet, born in Kentucky. He served as a soldier in the Mexican War, and later in the Confederate army during the Civil War. This poem, written when the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who had fallen in the battle of Buena Vista were removed to their native State, is the only writing of O'Hara's that is generally known.

THE BIVOUAC¹ OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;²
No more on Life's parade³ shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

1. *Bivouac* (biv'wăk). The watch of an army by night.

2. *Tattoo*. A call sounded on drum and fife, trumpet, or bugle, giving notice to soldiers to repair to their quarters.

3. *Parade*. Parade ground; place where troops are assembled for marching and other exercises.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried¹ foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;

1. *Serried*. Crowded; compact.

Not long, our stout old chieftain¹ knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.²

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels³ grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,⁴
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,⁵
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.

1. *Stout old chieftain.* General Zackary Taylor, a native of Kentucky, who commanded the American forces at Buena Vista.

2. *Bide.* Withstand.

3. *First-born laurels.* General Taylor had commanded Kentucky soldiers in the War of 1812, and had won a victory over the Indians.

4. *Angostura's plain* (än-gos-tōō'rä). A pass near the battlefield of Buena Vista, Mexico.

5. *Dark and Bloody Ground.* Kentucky is an Indian word meaning dark and bloody ground. It was so called because it was the meeting place for the northern and southern Indians, where some of their fiercest battles were fought.

Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On a many a bloody shield;¹
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious² footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;

1. *On many a bloody shield.* The Spartans were the most war-like of the ancient Greek peoples. It is said that the Spartan mothers when sending their sons forth to battle admonished them to "return with their shields or on them."

2. *Impious* (im'pī-us). Irreverent.

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

—THEODORE O'HARA.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: muffled, tatoo, eternal, bivouac, rumor, haunts, shivered, haughty, plenteous, cannonade, hurricane, plateau, serried, watchword, stricken, vengeful, bide, laurels, deemed, norther, mouldered, pensive, fitter, turf, sepulcher, embalmed, impious, Honor, Valor.

2. In what battle were the men eulogized in this poem slain? In what war was this?

3. Explain, "muffled drum."

4. Explain, "life's parade."

5. What is meant by "Fame's eternal camping-ground"?

6. What are the "silent tents"?

7. Explain, "Glory guards, with solemn round."

8. What is suggested by, "troubled thought at midnight . . . of loved ones left behind"?

9. What were the "red stains" washed from each brow?

10. What is "war's wild note"? "Glory's peal"?

11. Explain, "flushed with the triumph yet to gain."

12. Explain, "the vengeful blood of Spain."

13. Who was, "our stout old chieftain"?

14. Why did the commander have great confidence in his troops?

15. What is the "richest spoil" of war?

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

The Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 3 and 4, 1863, was the most important battle of the Civil War, and one of the greatest battles of all history. Large numbers of soldiers slain in the battle were buried on the battle-field, and a portion of the field was set aside by the United States Government as a national cemetery.

November 19, 1863, was set as the date for the dedication of the cemetery. Edward Everett, the famous orator, was the speaker chosen for the occasion. President Lincoln was asked to be present and to make a short address, consecrating the ground. He carefully

prepared his address for the occasion. Mr. Everett preceded Mr. Lincoln with a masterly address of more than two hours. It was a trying position for the President, and it is said that after the ceremonies were over he felt that he had failed in his part.

The day after the exercises Mr. Everett wrote President Lincoln a note of congratulation in which he said, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." The great orator was right. To-day one seldom hears of Everett's address at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, but President Lincoln's short address has become a classic known to every school-boy.

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FOURSCORE and seven years ago¹ our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the

1. *Fourscore and seven years ago.* Eighty-seven years before 1863, or 1776, was the year in which the Declaration of Independence was signed.

great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: conceived, dedicated, proposition, consecrate, detract, devotion.
2. In what ways did the nation, established by our forefathers, differ from other nations?
3. Why was the Civil War a test as to whether *any* free nation could endure?
4. Why was it especially fitting that a portion of the battle-field should be dedicated as a resting place for the soldiers who died there?
5. Why could those who took part in the exercises, not in a "larger sense," hallow the ground?
6. In what way had the men who had engaged in the battle consecrated the ground?
7. What did Lincoln mean when he said, "It is for us the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have so nobly advanced"?
8. How could they take "increased devotion" from "these honored dead"?
9. What is meant by "the last full measure of devotion"?
10. How was it possible for them to bring about that the dead should "not have died in vain"?
11. What did Lincoln mean by a new birth of freedom?

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892) was born on Long Island. When he was four years old his father removed to Brooklyn. Young Whitman studied in the public schools. Later he learned the printers' trade, taught school, and edited a newspaper. His early verse attracted little attention, but in 1855 his "Leaves of Grass" created much discussion. During the Civil War Whitman per-

manently impaired his health by three years of service as a volunteer army nurse in and about Washington. After the war Whitman was appointed to a government clerkship in Washington, and held the position until his health failed. He died at Camden, New Jersey, and was buried beneath an imposing tomb designed by himself.

The surrender of Lee's army, which practically ended the Civil War, occurred April 9, 1865. President Lincoln was assassinated April 14, just at the moment of the triumph of the cause for which he had striven through four years of war and bloodshed. Whitman was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln, and wrote "O Captain! My Captain!" on Lincoln's death. The poem shows Whitman's appreciation of Lincoln's wonderful leadership, and expresses a keen sense of personal loss.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
 is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
 daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
 a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
 turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.

From "Leaves of Grass." Used by permission of the publisher,
David McKay.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: weather'd, rack, exulting, keel, grim, trills, a-crowding.
2. What is meant by "weather'd every rack"?
3. What is "the prize we sought"?
4. What is meant by "the port is near"? Why are "the people all exulting"?
5. Explain, "ribbon'd wreaths."
6. Why does the poet say, "It is some dream that on the deck you've fallen cold and dead"?
7. Explain, "The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done."
8. What was the "fearful trip" of "the victor ship"?
9. What does the poem reveal of the poet's feeling toward Abraham Lincoln?

QUIVERA

EUGENE F. WARE (1841-1911) was born at Hartford, Connecticut. He grew up at Burlington, Iowa, where he learned the harness maker's trade. He was a soldier in the Union Army during the Civil War and attained the rank of Captain.

In 1867 Ware moved to Fort Scott, Kansas, where he opened a harness and saddlery shop. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1871. In 1872 he became editor of the *Fort Scott Monitor*. In 1879 Ware was elected to the State Senate. He filled various other political positions, the most important of which was that of

United States Pension Commissioner, to which he was appointed in 1902. He resigned this position in 1905, and returned to Kansas and resumed his law practice, which he continued until his death.

Immediately after he was admitted to the bar Ware began contributing poems to the newspapers, under the name of Ironquill. He is perhaps the best known Kansas poet. Three London editions of his poems have been published. Many of his poems relate to Kansas subjects.

Ware made a translation of Castaneda's account of Coronado's expedition, giving us the first English version of the most accurate detailed account of the expedition. After translating Castaneda's work Ware was inspired to give the story to the world in poetic form in Quivera.

QUIVERA¹

In that half-forgotten era,²
With the avarice of old,
Seeking cities³ he was told
Had been paved with yellow gold,
In the kingdom of Quivera—

Came the restless Coronado
To the open Kansas plain,
With his knights from sunny Spain;
In an effort that, though vain,
Thrilled with boldness and bravado.⁴

1. *Quivera*. The name of a tribe of Indians whose home was in what is now Kansas. The word here applies to the domain, or kingdom, occupied by these Indians.

2. *Era*. Historical period.

3. *Seeking cities*. Coronado, a Spanish explorer, in 1541 set out from a Spanish settlement on the west coast of Mexico, with an army of 300 mounted Spaniards and about 1000 friendly Indians, to search for seven cities, reports of whose fabulous wealth had come to him from a number of sources. On this expedition he went as far into the interior of the continent as Kansas. The point reached by the expedition is supposed to be somewhere near Junction City. See "A History of Kansas," Arnold, chapter I.

4. *Bravado* (bra-vä'dō). Boastful behavior.

League¹ by league, in aimless marching,
Knowing scarcely where or why,
Crossed they uplands drear and dry,
That an unprotected sky
Had for centuries been parching.

But their expectations, eager,
Found, instead of fruitful lands,
Shallow streams and shifting sands,
Where the buffalo in bands
Roamed o'er deserts dry and meager.

Back to the scenes more trite,² yet tragic,
Marched the knights with armor'd³ steeds;
Not for them the quiet deeds;
Not for them to sow the seeds
From which empires grow like magic.

Never land so hunger-stricken
Could a Latin race⁴ re-mold;
They could conquer heat or cold—
Die for glory or for gold—
But not make a desert quicken.

1. *League*. A measure of length varying in different countries. In the United States it is usually regarded as about three miles. Here it is used poetically, and no definite value can be assigned to it.

2. *Trite*. Commonplace.

3. *Armor'd*. Protected by armor.

4. *Latin race*. A term applied to any one of a number of races in Southwestern Europe who speak languages derived from the Latin. The French, Spanish and Italian are the most important Latin races.

Thus Quivera was forsaken;
And the world forgot the place
Through the lapse of time and space.
Then the blue-eyed Saxon¹ race
Came and bade the desert waken.

And it bade the climate vary;
And awaiting no reply
From the elements on high,
It with plows besieged the sky—
Vexed the heavens with the prairie.

Then the vitreous² sky relented,
And the unacquainted rain
Fell upon the thirsty plain,
Whence had gone the knights of Spain,
Disappointed, discontented.

Sturdy are the Saxon faces,
As they move along in line;
Bright the rolling-cutters³ shine,
Charging up the State's incline,
As an army storms a glaxis.⁴

1. *The blue-eyed Saxon race.* The author refers to the English who are descended from the Saxons. The Saxons, who lived in Northern Germany, were characterized by blue eyes and flaxen hair.

2. *Vitreous.* Glassy; resembling glass; clear.

3. *Rolling-cutter.* A flat circular disk with sharpened edge, attached to the beam of a plow for cutting the sod so that it may be turned more easily.

4. *Glaxis* (glä'sis). A gentle slope of earth directly in front of a fortification. Troops attacking the fortification as they ascend the glaxis must do so under fire of all the guns on that side of the fortification.

Into loam¹ the sand is melted,
And the blue-grass takes the loam,
Round about the prairie home;
And the locomotives roam
Over landscapes iron-belted.

Cities grow where stunted birches
Hugged the shallow water-line;
And the deepening rivers twine
Past the factory and mine,
Orchard slopes and schools and churches.

Deeper grows the soil and truer,
More and more the prairie teems
With a fruitage as of dreams;
Clearer, deeper, flow the streams,
Blander² grows the sky and bluer.

We have made the State of Kansas,
And to-day she stands complete—
First in freedom, first in wheat;
And her future years will meet
Ripened hopes and richer stanzas.

—EUGENE F. WARE.

From "Rhymes of Ironquill," by Eugene F. Ware. Used by permission of E. H. Ware.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: half-forgotten, era, avarice, bravado, league, drear, parching, meager, trite, tragic, armored, empires, hunger-stricken, lapse, Saxon, bade, vary, elements, vexed, vitreous, relented, unacquainted, sturdy, rolling-cutters, incline, glacia, loam, landscapes, iron-belted, stunted, twine.

1. *Loam*. A soil consisting of a mixture of sand, clay and decayed vegetable or animal matter.

2. *Blander*. Gentler; more soothing.

2. Why is the time of Coronado called a half-forgotten era?
 3. What was the kingdom of Quivera?
 4. Trace the route of Coronado. Describe the region over which he passed as it was then; as it is now.
 5. Explain, "uplands drear and dry, that an unprotected sky had for centuries been parching."
 6. Why could not Coronado and his followers build an empire in the country he traversed?
 7. Why did the Saxon succeed where the Spaniard had failed?
 8. Explain, "bade the climate vary."
 9. Explain how the "blue-eyed Saxon race" "with plows besieged the sky?"
 10. What is meant by "vexed the heavens with the prairie"?
 11. Explain, "landscapes iron-belted."
 12. In what sense may Kansas be said to be "first in freedom"?
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IN THE VALLEY OF THE ARICKAREE

MRS. MARGARET HILL MCCARTER is a native of Indiana. She prepared herself for the teaching profession by finishing the course in the Indiana State Normal School, and spent a portion of the years of her early womanhood as a teacher, first in the high schools of Indiana and later in the high school at Topeka, Kansas. When Mrs. McCarter gave up teaching she continued to interest herself in educational work, and has for a number of years taken an active part in the women's club work of the State. She is popular as a platform speaker.

Mrs. McCarter began writing in 1901, in which year appeared "A Bunch of Things Tied up With Strings." A number of short stories, including "Cuddy and Other Folks," "Cuddy's Baby," "The Cottonwood's Story," and "In Old Quivera," followed and were popular, particularly with Kansas readers. Mrs. McCarter's first novel, "The Price of the Prairie," from which the following selection is taken, appeared in 1910. It at once became popular, not only in Kansas, but throughout the country, and gave Mrs. McCarter a recognized place among the story-writers of our country. "A Wall of Men," equally popular, appeared in 1912, and "A Master's Degree" in 1913. Her latest book, "Winning the Wilderness," is just off the press. Mrs. McCarter's stories all have to do with Kansas, its life and early history, and perhaps no other writer

has done more to make the people of Kansas understand and appreciate the struggles of the Kansas pioneers.

In the early days of Kansas statehood Indian raids on the frontier settlements were common. In 1868 a body of Indians made up of members from various tribes attacked the settlers in the Solomon and Saline valleys, killed a number of people, drove away horses, and made captives of two white women. At about the same time scouts reported to General Philip Sheridan, who had command of the United States soldiers in that vicinity, that a band of two hundred and fifty Indians were entering the northwest frontier of the State. Colonel George A. Forsyth of General Sheridan's staff received orders to form a company of picked men to meet this band and protect the settlers from further depredations. A company consisting of fifty experienced plainsmen, soldiers and scouts was organized.

About the 8th of September they left Fort Wallace under the command of Colonel Forsyth, expecting to meet a war party of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty Indians. They discovered a trail which led them in a few days' march to the deserted site of a temporary Indian village. The fact that this village had been composed of at least six hundred Indian lodges did not daunt these men, nor turn them aside from the trail. Early in the morning of September 17 they were attacked by a large band of Indians, principally Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux.

In the following account Mrs. McCarter has given us a portrayal of what General George A. Custer declared to be the greatest battle with the Indians fought on the plains.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE ARICKAREE

STILLWELL¹ was right. Sharp Grover knew, as well as the boy knew, that we were trapped, that before us now were the awful chances of unequal Plains warfare. A mere handful of us had been hurrying after a host, whose numbers the broad beaten road told us was legion. There was no mirth in that little camp that night in mid-September,

1. *Jack Stillwell, Sharp Grover, and Howard Morton*, whose names are mentioned in this story, were actual participants in this battle.

and I thought of other things besides my strange vision at the gorge. The camp was the only mark of human habitation in all that wide and utterly desolate land. For days we had noted even the absence of all game—strong evidence that a host had driven it away before us. Everywhere, save about that winking camp fire, was silence. The sunset was gorgeous, in the barbaric sublimity of its seas of gold and crimson atmosphere. And then came the rich coloring of that purple twilight. It is no wonder they call it regal. Out on the Plains that night it swathed the landscape with a rarer hue than I have ever seen anywhere else, although I have watched the sun go down into the Atlantic off the Rockport¹ coast, and have seen it lost over the edge of the West Prairie beyond the big cottonwood above the farther draw. As I watched the evening shadows deepen, I remembered what Morton had told me in the little cabin back in the Saline country, "Whoever fights the Indians must make his will before the battle begins." Now that I was face to face with the real issue, life became very sweet to me. How grand over war and hate were the thoughts of peace and love! And yet every foot of this beautiful land must be bought with a price. No matter where the great blame lies, nor who sinned first in getting formal possession, the real occupation is won only by sacrifice. And I was confronted with my part of the offering. Strange thoughts come in such an hour.

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At last I rolled myself snugly in my blanket, for the

1. *Rockport*. A town on the Massachusetts coast, the home of the Baronets, a descendant of which family, Phillip Baronet, is the hero of "The Price of the Prairie." It is interesting to note that Colonel George A. Forsyth, who commanded the scouts at the Arickaree, is living at the present time at Rockport, Massachusetts.

September evenings are cold in Colorado.¹ The simple prayers of childhood came back to me, and I repeated the "Now I lay me" I used to say every night at Aunt Candace's knee. It had a wonderful meaning to me to-night. . . . And I stretched out on the brown grasses and fell asleep.

About midnight I wakened suddenly. A light was gleaming near. Some one stood beside me, and presently I saw Colonel Forsyth looking down into my face with kindly eyes. I raised myself on my elbow and watched him passing among the slumbering soldiers. Even now I can see Jack Stillwell's fair girl-face with the dim light on it as he slept beside me. What a picture that face would make if my pen were an artist's brush! At three in the morning I wakened again. It was very dark, but I knew some one was near me, and I judged instinctively it was Forsyth. It was sixty hours before I slept again.

For five days every movement of ours had been watched by Indian scouts. Night and day they had hung on our borders, just out of sight, waiting their time to strike. Had we made a full march on that sixteenth day of September, instead of halting to rest and graze our horses, we should have gone, as Stillwell predicted, straight into Hell's jaws. As it was, Hell rose up and crept stealthily toward us. For while our little band slept, and while our commander passed restlessly among us on that night, the redskins moved upon our borders.

Morning was gray in the east and the little valley was full of shadows, when suddenly the sentinel's cry of "Indians! Indians!" aroused the sleeping force. The shouts of our guards, the clatter of ponies' hoofs, the rattling of

1. *Colorado*. The Arickaree fight occurred in Colorado, a short distance from the Kansas boundary line.

dry skins, the swinging of blankets, the fierce yells of the invading foe made a scene of tragic confusion, as a horde of redskins swept down upon us like a whirlwind. In this mad attempt to stampede our stock nothing but discipline saved us. A few of the mules and horses, not properly picketed, broke loose and galloped off before the attacking force; the remaining animals held as the Indians fled away before the sharp fire of our soldiers.

"Well, we licked them, anyhow," I said to myself exultantly as we obeyed the instant orders to get into the saddle.

The first crimson line of morning was streaking the east and I lifted my face triumphantly to the new day. Sharp Grover stood just before me; his hand was on Forsyth's shoulder.

Suddenly he uttered a low exclamation. "Oh, heavens! General, look at the Indians."

This was no vision of brown rock and sun-blinded eyes. From every direction, over the bluff, out from the tall grass, across the slope on the north, came Indians, hundreds on hundreds. They seemed to spring from the sod like Roderick Dhu's¹ Highland Scots, and people every curve and hollow. Swift as the wind, savage as hate, cruel as hell, they bore down upon us from every way the wind blows. The thrill of that moment is in my blood as I write this. It was then I first understood the tie between the commanding officer and his men. It is easy to laud the file of privates on dress parade, but the man who directs the file in the hour of battle is the real power. In that instant of peril I turned to Forsyth with that trust that the little child gives to its father. How

1. *Roderick Dhu*. A Highland Scottish chieftain, made famous by Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

cool he was, and yet how lightning-swift in thought and action.

In all the valley there was no refuge where we might hide, nor height on which we might defend ourselves. The Indians had counted on our making a dash to the eastward, and had left that way open for us. They had not reckoned well on Colonel Forsyth. He knew intuitively¹ that the gorge at the lower end of the valley was even then filled with a hidden foe, and not a man of us would ever have passed through it alive. To advance meant death, and there was no retreat possible. Out in the middle of the Arickaree, hardly three feet above the river-bed, lay a little island. In the years to be when the history of the West shall be fully told, it may become one of the nation's shrines. But now in this dim morning light it showed only an insignificant elevation. Its sandy surface was grown over with tall sage grasses and weeds. A few wild plums and alder bushes, a clump of low willow shrubs, and a small cottonwood tree completed its vegetation.

"How about that island, Grover?" I heard Forsyth ask.

"It's all we can do," the scout answered; and the command: "Reach the island! hitch the horses!" rang through the camp.

It takes long to tell it, this dash for the island. The execution of the order was like the passing of a hurricane. Horses, mules, men, all dashed toward the place, but in the rush the hospital supplies and rations were lost. The Indians had not counted on the island, and they raged in fury at their oversight. There were a thousand savage warriors attacking half a hundred soldiers, and they had gloated over the fifty scalps to be taken in the little gorge

1. *Intuitively*. Instinctively; without reasoning.

to the east. The break in their plans confused them but momentarily, however.

On the island we tied our horses in the bushes and quickly formed a circle. The soil was all soft sand. We cut the thin sod with out butcher knives and began throwing up a low defence, working like fiends with our hands and elbows and toes, scooping out the sand with our tin plates, making the commencement of shallow pits. We were stationed in couples, and I was beside Morton when the onslaught came. Up from the undulating south, and down over the north bluff swept the furious horde. On they came with terrific speed, their blood-curdling yells of hate mingling with the wild songs, and cries and taunts of hundreds of squaws and children that crowded the heights out of range of danger, watching the charge and urging their braves to battle. Over the slopes to the very banks of the creek, into the sandy bed of the stream, and up to the island they hurled their forces, while bullets crashed murderously, and arrows whizzed with deadly swiftness into our little sand-built defence.

In the midst of the charge, twice above the din, I caught the clear notes of an artillery bugle.¹ It was dim daylight now. Rifle-smoke and clouds of dust and gray mist shot through with flashes of powder, and the awful rage, as if all the demons of Hell were crying vengeance, are all in that picture burned into my memory with a white-hot brand. And above all these there come back to me the faces of that little band of resolute men biding the moment when the command to charge should be given.

1. *The clear notes of an artillery bugle.* The Indians in this attack were accompanied and aided by a number of white men, some actuated by motives of spite and hatred, others by the desire to share in any booty that might result from the raids.

Such determination and such splendid heroism, not twice in a lifetime is it vouchsafed¹ to many to behold.

We held our fire until the enemy was almost upon us. At the right instant our rifles poured out a perfect billow of death.² Painted bodies reeled and fell; horses sank down, or rushed mad with pain, upon their fallen riders; shrieks of agony mingled with the unearthly yells; while above all this, the steady roar of our guns—not a wasted bullet in all the line—carried death waves out from the island thicket. To me that first defence of ours was more tragic than anything in the days and nights that followed it. The first hour's struggle seasoned me for the siege.

The fury of the Indian warriors and of the watching squaws is indescribable. The foe deflected to left and right, vainly seeking to carry their dead from the field with them. The effort cost many Indian lives. The long grass on either side of the stream was full of sharpshooters. The morning was bright now, and we durst not lift our heads above our low entrenchment. Our position was in the centre of a space open to attack from every arc of the circle. Caution counted more than courage here. Whoever stood upright was offering his life to his enemy. Our horses suffered first. By the end of an hour every one of them was dead. My own mount, a fine sorrel cavalry horse, given to me at Fort Hays, was the last sacrifice. He was standing near me in the brown bushes. I could

1. *Vouchsafed*. Permitted; granted.

2. *Rifles poured out a perfect billow of death*. A. E. Sheldon, author of "History and Stories of Nebraska," states that this was the first experience these Indians had had with an enemy armed with repeating rifles. They were used to the one-shot rifle. Forsyth's men had seven-shot repeating rifles. The Indians expected to meet one volley, followed, possibly, by a sharp revolver fire. Volley after volley of rifle fire was wholly unexpected by them.

see his superb head and chest as, with nostrils wide, and flashing eyes, he saw and felt the battle charge. Subconsciously¹ I felt that so long as he was unhurt I had a sure way of escape. Subconsciously, too, I blessed the day that Bud Anderson taught O'mie and me to drop on the side of Tell Mapleson's pony and ride like a Plains Indian. But even as I looked up over my little sand ridge a bullet crashed into his broad chest. He plunged forward toward us, breaking his tether. He staggered to his knees, rose again with a lunge, and turning half way round reared his fore feet in agony and seemed about to fall into our pit. At that instant I heard a laugh just beyond the bushes, and a voice, not Indian, but English, cried exultingly, "There goes the last —— horse, anyhow."

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The wounded animal was just above our pit. Morton rose up with lifted carbine to drive him back, when from the same gun that had done for my horse came a bullet full into the man's face. It ploughed through his left eye and lodged in the bones beyond it. He uttered no cry, but dropped into the pit beside me. His blood, streaming from the wound, splashed hot on my forehead as he fell. I was stunned by his disaster, but he never faltered. Taking his handkerchief from his pocket, he bound it tightly about his head and set his rifle ready for the next charge. After that, nothing counted with me. I no longer shrank in dread of what might happen. All fear of life, or death, of pain, or Indians, or fiends from Hades fell away from me, and never again did my hand tremble, nor my heart-beat quicken in the presence of

1. *Subconsciously.* With faint consciousness. He felt these things without giving thought to them.

peril. By the warm blood of the brave man beside me I was baptized a soldier.

The force drew back from this first attempt to take the island, but the fire of the hidden enemy did not cease. In this brief breathing spell we dug deeper into our pits, making our defences stronger where we lay. Disaster was heavy upon us. The sun beat down pitilessly on the hot, dry earth where we burrowed. Out in the open the Indians were crawling like serpents through the tall grasses toward our poor house of sand, hoping to fall upon us unseen. They had every advantage, for we did not dare to let our bodies be exposed above the low breast-works, and we could not see their advance. Nearly one-half of our own men were dead or wounded. Each man counted for so much on that battle-girt island that day. Our surgeon had been struck in the first round and through all the rest of his living hours he was in a delirium. Forsyth himself, grievously wounded in both lower limbs, could only drag his body about by his arms. A rifle ball had grazed his scalp and fractured his skull. The pain from this wound was almost unbearable. But he did not loosen his grip on the military power delegated to him. From a hastily scooped-out pit where we laid him he directed the whole battle.

And now we girded on our armor for the supreme ordeal. The unbounded wrath of the Indians at their unlooked-for failure in their first attack told us what to expect. Our own guns were ready for instant use. The arms of our dead and wounded comrades were placed beside our own. No time was there in those awful hours to listen to the groans of the stricken ones nor to close the dying eyes. Not a soul of us in those sand-pits had any thought that we should ever see another sunset. All we could do was to put the highest price upon our lives.

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon. The firing about the island had almost ceased, and the silence was more ominous than the noise of bullets. Over on the bluff the powers were gathering. The sunlight glinted on their arms and lighted up their fantastic equipments of war. They formed in battle array. And then there came a sight the Plains will never see again, a sight that history records not once in a century. There were hundreds of these warriors, the flower of the fierce Cheyenne tribe, drawn up in military order, mounted on great horses, riding bareback, their rifles held aloft in their right hands, the left hand grasping the flowing mane, their naked bodies hideously adorned with paint, their long scalp-locks braided and trimmed with plumes and quills. They were the very acme¹ of grandeur in a warfare as splendid as it was barbaric. And I, who live to write these lines, account myself most fortunate that I saw it all.

They were arrayed in battle lines riding sixty abreast. It was a man of genius who formed that military movement that day. On they came in orderly ranks but with terrific speed, straight down the slope, across the level, and on to the island, as if by their huge weight and terrible momentum they would trample it into the very level dust of the earth, that the winds of heaven might scatter it broadcast on the Arickaree waters. Till the day of my death I shall hear the hoof-beats of that cavalry charge.

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Who shall paint the picture of that terrific struggle on that September day, or write the tale of that swirl of Indian warriors, a thousand strong, as they swept down in their barbaric fury upon the handful of Anglo-Saxon soldiers crouching there in the sand-pits awaiting their

1. *Acme*. The highest point.

onslaught? It was the old, old story retold that day on the Colorado plains by the sunlit waters of the Arickaree—the white man's civilization against the untamed life of the wilderness. And for that struggle there is only one outcome.

Before the advancing foe, in front of the very center of the foremost line, was their leader, Roman Nose,¹ chief warrior of the Cheyennes. He was riding a great, clean-limbed horse, his left hand grasping its mane. His right hand was raised aloft, directing his forces. If ever the moulds of Nature turned out physical perfection, she realized her ideal in that superb Cheyenne. He stood six feet and three inches in his moccasins. He was built like a giant, with a muscular symmetry that was artistically beautiful. About his naked body was a broad, blood-red silken sash, the ends of which floated in the wind. His war bonnet, with its two short, curved, black buffalo horns, above his brow, was a magnificent thing crowning his head and falling behind him in a sweep of heron plumes and eagle feathers. The Plains never saw a grander warrior, nor did savage tribe ever claim a more daring and able commander. He was by inherent right a ruler. In him was the culmination of the intelligent prowess and courage and physical supremacy of the free life of the broad, unfettered West.

On they rushed, that mount of eager warriors. The hills behind them swarmed with squaws and children. Their shrieks of grief and anger and encouragement filled the air. They were beholding the action that down to

1. *Roman Nose*. Chief Roman Nose of the Northern Cheyennes is said to have been the greatest chief among the Plains Indians. He had a commanding figure and wonderful physical strength. To these was added what was rare among Indians, the power and genius of organization. He has been classed with such great chiefs as King Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh and Geronimo.

the last of the tribe would be recounted a victory to be chanted in all future years over the graves of their dead, and sung in heroic strain when their braves went forth to conquest. And so, with all the power of heart and voice, they cried out from the low hill-tops. Just at the brink of the stream the leader, Roman Nose, turned his face a moment toward the watching women. Lifting high his right hand he waved them a proud salute. The gesture was so regal, and the man himself so like a king of men, that I involuntarily held my breath. But the set blood-stained face of the wounded man beside me told what that kingship meant.

As he faced the island again, Roman Nose rose up to his full height and shook his clenched fist toward our entrenchment. Then suddenly lifting his eyes toward the blue sky above him, he uttered a war-cry, unlike any other cry I have ever heard. It was so strong, so vehement, so full of pleading, and yet so dominant in its certainty, as if he were invoking the gods of all the tribes for their aid, yet sure in his defiant soul that victory was his by right of might. The unearthly, blood-chilling cry was caught up by all his command and reëchoed by the watchers on the hills till, away and away over the undulating plains it rolled, dying out in weird cadences¹ in the far-off spaces of the haze-wreathed horizon.

Then came the dash for our island entrenchment. . . . We held back our fire again, as in the first attack, until the foe was almost upon us. With Forsyth's order, "Now! Now!" our part of the drama began. I marvel yet at the power of that return charge. Steady, constant, true to the last shot, we swept back each advancing wave

1. *Cadences*. Rhythmical or measured flow or movement, as in poetry or music.

of warriors, maddened now to maniac¹ fury. In the very moment of victory defeat was breaking the forces, mowing down the strongest, and spreading confusion everywhere. A thousand wild beasts on the hills, frenzied with torture, could not have raged more than those frantic Indian women and shrieking children watching the fray.

With us it was the last stand. We wasted no strength in this grim crisis; each turn of the hand counted. While fearless as though he bore a charmed life, the gallant savage commander dared death at our hands, heeding no more our rain of rifle balls than if they had been the drops of a summer shower. Right on he pressed, regardless of his fallen braves. How grandly he towered above them in his great strength and superb physique, a very prince of prowess, the type of leader in a land where the battle is always to the strong. And no shot of our men was able to reach him until our finish seemed certain, and the time limit closing in. But down in the thick weeds, under a flimsy rampart of soft sand, crouched a slender fair-haired boy. Trim and pink-cheeked as a girl, young Stillwell was matching his cool nerve and steady marksmanship against the exultant dominance of a savage giant. It was David and Goliath² played out in the Plains warfare of the Western continent. At the crucial moment the scout's bullet went home with unerring aim, and the one man whose power counted as a thousand warriors among his own people received his mortal wound. Backward he reeled, and dead, or dying, he was taken from the field. Like one of the anointed he was mourned by his people, for he had never known fear, and on his banners victory had constantly perched.

1. *Maniac*. Insane.

2. *David and Goliath*. I Samuel xvii.

In the confusion over the loss of their leader the Indians again divided about the island and fell back out of range of our fire. As the tide of battle ebbed out, Colonel Forsyth, helpless in his sand pit, watching the attack, called to his guide.

"Can they do better than that, Grover?"

"I've been on the Plains since I was a boy and I never saw such a charge as that. I think they have done their level best," the scout replied.

"All right, then, we are good for them." How cheery the Colonel's voice was! It thrilled my spirits with its courage. And we needed courage, for just then Lieutenant Beecher¹ was stretching himself wearily before his superior officer, saying briefly:

"I have my death-wound; good-night." And like a brave man who had done his best he pillowed his head face downward on his arms, and spoke not any more on earth forever.

It has all been told in history how that day went by. When evening fell upon that eternity-long time, our outlook was full of gloom. Hardly one-half of our company was able to bear arms. Our horses had all been killed, our supplies and hospital appliances were lost. Our wounds were undressed; our surgeon was slowly dying; our commander was helpless, and his lieutenant dead. We had been all day without food or water. We were prisoners on this island, and every man of us had half a hundred jailers, each one a fiend in the high art of human torture.

I learned here how brave and resourceful men can be in the face of disaster. One of our number had already

1. *Lieutenant Beecher.* Lieutenant Fred Beecher of the regular army was second in command of the expedition. The island was afterward named Beecher Island.

begun to dig a shallow well. It was a muddy drink, but, God be praised, it was water! Our supper was a steak cut from a slaughtered horse, but we did not complain. We gathered round our wounded commander and did what we could for each other, and no man thought of himself first. Our dead were laid in shallow graves, without a prayer. There was no time here for the ceremonies of peace; and some of the men, before they went out into the Unknown that night, sent their last messages to their friends, if we should ever be able to reach home again.

At nightfall came a gentle shower. We held out our hands to it, and bathed our fevered faces. It was very dark and we must make the most of every hour. The Indians do not fight by night, but the morrow might bring its tale of battles. So we digged, and shaped our stronghold, and told over our resources, and planned our defences, and all the time hunger and suffering and sorrow and peril stalked about with us. All night the Indians gathered up their dead, and all night they chanted their weird, blood-chilling death-songs, while the lamentations of the squaws through that dreadful night filled all the long hours with hideous mourning unlike any other earthly discord. But the darkness folded us in, and the blessed rain fell softly on all alike, on skillful guide, and busy soldier, on the wounded lying helpless in their beds of sand, on the newly made graves of those for whom life's fitful fever was ended. And above all, the loving Father whose arm is never shortened that He can not save, gave His angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways.

.

We had only once chance for deliverance; we must get the tidings of our dreadful plight to Fort Wallace, a hun-

dred miles away. Jack Stillwell and another brave scout¹ were chosen for the dangerous task. At midnight they left us, moving cautiously away into the black blank space toward the southwest, and making a wide detour from their real line of direction. The Indians were on the alert, and a man must walk as noiselessly as a panther to slip between their guards.

The scouts wore blankets to resemble the Indians more closely in the shadows of the night. They made moc-casins out of boot tops, that their footprints might tell no story. In sandy places they even walked backward that they should leave no tell-tale trail out of the valley.

Dawn found them only three miles away from their starting place. A hollow bank overhung with long, dry grasses, and fronted with rank sunflowers, gave them a place of concealment through the daylight hours. Again on the second night they hurried cautiously forward. The second morning they were near an Indian village. Their only retreat was in the tall growth of a low, marshy place. Here they crouched through another long day. The unsuspecting squaws, hunting fuel, tramped the grasses dangerously near to them, but a merciful Providence guarded their hiding-place.

On the third night they pushed forward more boldly, hoping that the next day they need not waste the precious hours in concealment. In the early morning they saw coming down over the prairie the first guard of a Cheyenne village moving southward across their path. The Plains were flat and covertless.² No tall grass, nor friendly bank, nor bush, nor hollow of ground was there to cover them from their enemies. But out before them lay the rotting carcass of an old buffalo. Its hide still hung

1. *Another brave scout.* Pete Trudell.

2. *Covertless.* Without hiding places.

about its bones. And inside the narrow shelter of this carcass the two concealed themselves while a whole village passed near them trailing off toward the south.

Insufficient food, lack of sleep, and poisonous water from the buffalo wallows brought nausea and weakness to the faithful men making their way across the hostile land to bring help to us in our dire extremity. It is all recorded in history how these two men fared in that hazardous undertaking. No hundred miles of sandy plain were ever more fraught with peril; and yet these two pressed on with that fearless and indomitable¹ courage that has characterized the Saxon people on every field of conquest.

Meanwhile day crept over the eastern horizon, and the cold chill of the shadows gave place to the burning glare of the September sun. Hot and withering it beat down upon us and upon the unburied dead that lay all about us. The braves that had fallen in the strife strewed the island's edges. Their blood lay dark on the sandy shoals of the stream and stained to duller brown the trampled grasses. Daylight brought the renewal of the treacherous sharpshooting. The enemy closed in about us and from their points of vantage their deadly arrows and bullets were hurled upon our low wall of defence. And so the unequal struggle continued. Ours was henceforth an ambush fight. The redskins did not attack us in open charge again, and we durst not go out to meet them. And so the thing became a game of endurance with us, a slow wearing away of ammunition and food, a growing fever from weakness and loss of blood, a festering of wounds, the ebbing out of strength and hope; while putrid²

1. *Indomitable*. Not conquerable.

2. *Putrid*. Tainted; decaying.

mule meat and muddy water, the sickening stench from naked bloated bodies under the blazing heat of day, the long, long hours of watching for deliverance that came not, and the certainty of the fate awaiting us at last if rescue failed us—these things marked the hours and made them all alike. As to the Indians, the passing of Roman Nose had broken their fighting spirit; and now it was a mere matter of letting us run to the end of our tether.

On the third night two more scouts left us. It seemed an eternity since Stillwell and his comrade had started from the camp. We felt sure that they must have fallen by the way, and the second attempt was doubly hazardous. The two who volunteered were quiet men. They knew what the task implied, and they bent to it like men who can pay on demand the price of sacrifice. Their names were Donovan and Pliley,¹ recorded in the military roster as private scouts, but the titles they bear in the memory of every man who sat in that grim council on that night has a grander sound than the written records declare.

“Boys,” Forsyth said, lifting himself on his elbow where he lay in his sand bed, “this is the last chance. If you can get to the fort and send us help we can hold out a while. But it must come quickly. You know what it means for you to try, and for us, if you succeed.”

The two men nodded assent, then girding on their equipments, they gave us their last messages to be repeated if deliverance ever came to us and they were never heard of again. We were getting accustomed to this now, for Death stalked beside us every hour. They said a brief good-bye and slipped out from us into the dangerous dark on their chosen task. Then the chill of the night,

1. *Donovan and Pliley.* Jack Donovan and Captain A. J. Pliley. Captain Pliley is still living at Kansas City, Kansas.

with its uncertainty and gloom, with its ominous silences broken only by the howl of the gray wolves, who closed in about us and set up their hunger wails beyond the reach of our bullets; and the heat of the day with its peril of arrow and rifle-ball filled the long hours. Hunger was a terror now. Our meat was gone save a few decayed portions which we could barely swallow after we had sprinkled them over with gunpowder. For the stomach refused them even in starvation. Dreams of banquets tortured our short, troubled sleep, and the waking was a horror. A luckless little coyote wandered one day too near our fold. We ate his flesh and boiled his bones for soup. And one day a daring soldier slipped out from our sand pit in search of food—anything—to eat in place of that rotting horseflesh. In the bushes at the end of the island he found a few wild plums. Oh, food for the gods was that portion of stewed plums carefully doled out to each of us.

Six days went by. I do not know on which one the Sabbath fell, for God has no holy day in the Plains warfare. Six days, and no aid had come from Fort Wallace. That our scouts had failed, and our fate was decreed, was now the settled conclusion in every mind.

On the evening of this sixth day our leader called us about him. How gray and drawn his face looked in the shadowy gray light, but his eyes were clear and his voice steady.

“Boys, we’ve got to the end of our rope, now. Over there,” pointing to the low hills, “the Indian wolves are waiting for us. It’s the hazard of war; that’s all. But we needn’t all be sacrificed. You, who aren’t wounded, can’t help us who are. You have nothing here to make our suffering less. To stay here means—you all know what. Now the men who can go must leave us to what’s

coming. I feel sure now that you can get through together somehow, for the tribes are scattering. It is only the remnant left over there to burn us out at last. There is no reason why you should stay here and die. Make your dash for escape together to-night, and save your lives if you can. And"—his voice was brave and full of cheer—"I believe you can."

Then a silence fell. There were two dozen of us gaunt, hungry men, haggard from lack of sleep and the fearful tax on mind and body that tested human endurance to the limit—two dozen, to whom escape was not impossible now, though every foot of the way was dangerous. Life is sweet, and hope is imperishable. We looked into one another's face grimly, for the crisis of a lifetime was upon us. Beside me lay Morton. The handkerchief he had bound about his head in the first hour of battle had not once been removed. There was no other handkerchief to take its place.

"Go, Baronet," he said to me. "Tell your father, if you see him again, that I remembered Whately and how he went down at Chattanooga."

His voice was low and firm and yet he knew what was awaiting him. Oh! men walked on red-hot ploughshares in the days of the winning of the West.

Sharp Grover was sitting beside Forsyth. In the silence of the council the guide turned his eyes toward each of us. Then, clenching his gaunt, knotted hands with a grip of steel, he said in a low, measured voice:

"It's no use asking us, General. We have fought together, and, by Heaven, we'll die together."

In the great crises of life the only joy is the joy of self-sacrifice. Every man of us breathed freer, and we were happier now than we had been at any time since the con-

flict began. And so another twenty-four hours, and still another twenty-four went by.

The sun came up and the sun went down,
And day and night were the same as one.

And any evil chance seemed better than this slow dragging out of misery-laden time.

"Nature meant me to defend the weak and helpless. The West needs me," I had said to my father. And now I had given it my best. A slow fever was creeping upon me, and weariness of body was greater than pain and hunger. Death would be a welcome thing now that hope seemed dead. I thought of O'mie, bound hand and foot in the Hermit's Cave, and like him, I wished that I might go quickly if I must go. For back of my stolid mental state was a frenzied desire to outwit Jean Pahasca, who was biding his time, and keeping a surer watch on our poor battle-wrecked, starving force than any other Indian in the horde that kept us imprisoned.

The sunrise of the twenty-fifth of September was a dream of beauty on the Colorado Plains. I sat with my face to the eastward and saw the whole pageantry¹ of morning sweep up in a splendor of color through stretches of far limitless distances. Oh! it was gorgeous, with a glory fresh from the hand of the Infinite God, whose is the earth and the seas. Mechanically I thought of the sunrise beyond the Neosho Valley, but nothing there could be half so magnificent as this. And as I looked, the thought grew firmer that this sublimity had been poured out for me for the last time, and I gazed at the face of the morning as we look at the face awaiting the coffin lid.

And even as the thought clinched itself upon me came the sentinel's cry of "Indians! Indians!"

1. *Pageantry.* Elaborate or brilliant spectacular display.

We grasped our weapons at the shrill warning. It was the death-grip now. We knew as surely as we stood there that we could not resist this last attack. The redskins must have saved themselves for this final blow, when resistance on our part was a feeble mockery. The hills to the northward were black with the approaching force, but we were determined to make our last stand heroically, and to sell our lives as dearly as possible. As with a grim last measure of courage we waited, Sharp Grover, who stood motionless, alert, with arms ready, suddenly threw his rifle high in air, and with a shout that rose to heaven, he cried in an ecstasy of joy:

“By the God above us, it’s an ambulance!”

To us for whom the frenzied shrieks of the squaws, the fiendish yells of the savage warriors, and the weird, unearthly wailing for the dead were the only cries that had resounded above the Plains these many days, this shout from Grover was like the music of heaven. A darkness came before me, and my strength seemed momentarily to go from me. It was but a moment, and then I opened my eyes to the sublimest sight it is given to the Anglo-American to look upon.

Down from the low bluffs there poured a broad surge of cavalry, in perfect order, riding like the wind, the swift, steady hoof-beats of their horses marking a rhythmic measure that trembled along the ground in musical vibration, while overhead—oh, the grandeur of God’s gracious dawn fell never on a thing more beautiful—swept out by the free winds of heaven to its full length, and gleaming in the sunlight, Old Glory rose and fell in rippling waves of splendor.

On they came, the approaching force, in a mad rush to reach us. And we who had waited for the superb charge of Roman Nose and his savage warriors, as we wait for

death, saw now this coming in of life, and the regiment of the unconquerable people.

We threw restraint to the winds and shouted and danced and hugged each other, while we laughed and cried in a very transport of joy.

It was Colonel Carpenter and his colored cavalry who had made a dash across the country rushing to our rescue. Beside the Colonel at their head, rode Donovan the scout, whom we had accounted as dead. It was his unerring eye that had guided this command, never varying from the straight line toward our danger-girt entrenchment on the Arickaree.

Before Carpenter's approaching cavalry the Indians fled for their lives, and they who a few hours hence would have been swinging bloody tomahawks above our heads were now scurrying to their hiding-places far away.

Never tenderer hands cared for the wounded, and never were bath and bandage and food and drink more welcome. Our command was shifted to a clean spot where no stench of putrid flesh could reach us. Rest and care, such as a camp on the Plains can offer, was ours luxuriously; and hardtack and coffee, food for the angels, we had that day, to our intense satisfaction. Life was ours once more, and hope, and home, and civilization. Oh, could it be true, we asked ourselves, so long had we stood face to face with Death.

The import of this struggle on the Arickaree was far greater than we dreamed of then. We had gone out to meet a few foemen. What we really had to battle with was the fighting strength of the northern Cheyenne and Sioux tribes. Long afterwards it came to us what this victory meant. The broad trail we had eagerly followed up the Arickaree fork of the Republican River had been

made by bands on bands of Plains Indians mobilizing¹ only a little to the westward, gathering for a deadly purpose. At the full of the moon the whole fighting force, two thousand strong, was to make a terrible raid, spreading out on either side of the Republican River, reaching southward as far as the Saline Valley and northward to the Platte, and pushing eastward till the older settlements turned them back. They were determined to leave nothing behind them but death and desolation. Their numbers and leadership, with the defenceless condition of the Plains settlers, give broad suggestion of what that raid would have done for Kansas. Our victory on the Arickaree broke up that combination of Indian forces, for all future time. It was for such an unknown purpose, and against such unguessed odds, that fifty of us, led by the God of all battle lines, had gone out to fight. We had met and vanquished a foe two hundred times our number, aye, crippled its power for all future years. We were lifting the fetters from the frontier; we were planting the standards westward, westward. In the history of the Plains warfare this fight on the Arickaree, though not the last stroke, was one of the decisive struggles in breaking the savage sovereignty, a sovereignty whose wilderness demesne² to-day is a land of fruit and meadow and waving grain, of peaceful homes and wealth and honor.

It was impossible for our wounded comrades to begin the journey to Fort Wallace on that day. When evening came, the camp settled down to quiet and security: the horses fed at their rope tethers, the fires smouldered away to gray ashes, the sun swung down behind the horizon

1. *Mobilizing*. Making an army ready to take the field in actual service.

2. *Demesne* (de-mān'). Region ruled over or controlled by a sovereign or ruler.

bar, the gold and scarlet of evening changed to deeper hues, and the long, purple twilight was on the silent Colorado Plains. Over by the Arickaree the cavalry men lounged lazily in groups. As the shades of evening gathered, the soldiers began to sing. Softly at first, but richer, fuller, sweeter their voices rose and fell with that cadence and melody only the negro voice can compass. And their song, pulsing out across the undulating valley wrapped in the twilight peace, made a harmony so wonderfully tender that we who had dared danger for days unflinchingly now turned our faces to the shadows to hide our tears.

We are tenting to-night on the old camp ground.
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for this war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.

So the cavalry men sang, and we listened to their singing with hearts stirred to their depths. And then with prayers of thankfulness for our deliverance, we went to sleep. And over on the little island, under the shallow sands, the men who had fallen beside us lay with patient, folded hands waiting beside the Arickaree waters till the last reveille¹ shall sound for them and they enter the kingdom of Eternal Peace.

—MARGARET HILL McCARTER.

From "The Price of the Prairie," by Margaret Hill McCarter. Used by permission of the publishers, A. C. McClurg and Company.

1. *Reveille* (rĕv-ĕ-lĕ'). A signal by drum or bugle notifying soldiers that it is time to rise.

1. Words for definition and study: habitation, utterly, gorgeous, barbaric, sublimity, regal, instinctively, horde, stampede, picketed, "licked," Highland Scots, privates, dress parade, file, intuitively, gorge, shrines, rations, momentarily, fiends, undulating, taunts, vouchsafed, sharp-shooters, subconsciously, disaster, pitilessly, battle-girt, grazed, ordeal, equipments, scalp-locks, genius, swirl, symmetry, inherent, kingship, dominant, defiant, cadences, drama, crisis, physique, flimsy, crucial, appliances, moccasins, covertless, buffalo wallows, extremity, festering, putrid, roster, hazard, remnant, gaunt, ecstasy, ambulance, Anglo-American, rhythmic, grandeur, unerring, hardtack, import, vanquished, sovereignty, demesne, tethers, reveille.

2. When and where did the battle described in this selection occur?

3. What part did the Cheyenne Indians play in the early history of Kansas?

4. Describe the life and duties of a plains scout.

5. Explain, "every foot of this beautiful land must be bought with a price."

6. Why did Colonel Forsyth not take advantage of the opening to the east, which the Indians had left?

7. What advantages for defense had the island in the Arickaree?

8. Describe the first charge the Indians made on the island. What enabled the scouts to repulse them?

9. What took place between the first and second charges?

10. Explain the effect of the wounding of Morton on the man who is relating the story.

11. What effect did the failure of the first charge have on the Indians?

12. Describe the preparation of the Indians for the second charge.

13. Describe their leader, Roman Nose.

14. What part had the squaws and children in the combat?

15. Explain, "It was David and Goliath played out in the Plains warfare of the Western continent."

16. What was the cause of the failure of the second charge?

17. What was the condition of Colonel Forsyth's command after the second charge?

18. What did the men do on the night after the charge? What did the Indians do?

19. Where did the scouts go to secure assistance? How far away was this?

20. What were some of the difficulties encountered?

21. What incidents in the story reveal Colonel Forsyth's solicitude for his soldiers?

22. Describe the coming of the relief expedition.

23. How long had the men been on the island? How had they lived during that time?

24. Explain the importance of this battle with the Indians.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH was born on a farm near Osawatomie, Kansas, April 5, 1859. His father was a Presbyterian minister. Young Carruth inherited a love of books from his father, and a courageous, independent, energetic spirit from his mother. He worked his way through school and college. He was graduated from the University of Kansas in 1880, and was elected assistant in modern languages in his alma mater before his graduation. In 1882 he was made professor of modern languages. In 1886 he went to Europe and spent a year in Berlin and Munich universities. He took his master's degree at Harvard in 1889, and his doctor's degree from the same university in 1893.

Doctor Carruth has translated and edited a number of German textbooks that are in use in many of the high schools and colleges of the country. He continued in his position as head of the department of German in the University of Kansas until the end of the school year 1912-'13, when he resigned to accept a similar position in Leland Stanford University, in California, which position he now holds.

During his busy career as a teacher, Doctor Carruth has found time for literary work. Of the numerous poems he has written, "Each In His Own Tongue" is perhaps the most widely known, though "Dreamers of Dreams" and "God Bless You" are quite as well liked by many people.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

A fire-mist¹ and a planet,²

A crystal and a cell,³

A jelly-fish⁴ and a saurian,⁵

And caves where the cave-men⁶ dwell;

1. *Fire-mist.* The gaseous state in which the earth formerly existed.

2. *A planet.* The earth.

3. *A crystal and a cell.* The crystal and the cell are the simplest forms in which matter exists.

4. *Jelly-fish.* One of the lowest forms of animal life.

5. *Saurian.* A huge lizard-like reptile of the earlier ages of the earth's development.

6. *Cave-men.* In early times man lived in caves in a manner little different from that of the animals.

Then a sense of law and beauty
And a face turned from the clod,
Some call it Evolution,¹
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod,
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent² sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in:
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates³ drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;⁴

1. *Evolution.* The theory which teaches that the higher forms of life and the better conditions under which we live are the result of gradual development from the lower forms of life and poorer conditions of living.

2. *Crescent.* Shaped like the new moon.

3. *Socrates.* An ancient Greek philosopher who was condemned to death on account of his religious teachings. When the time came for the execution of the sentence he voluntarily drank a cup of poisonous hemlock, after which he conversed calmly with his friends until he died.

4. *Rood.* The crucifix; here, the cross on which Jesus was crucified.

And millions who, humble and nameless,
 The straight, hard pathway plod,—
 Some call it Consecration,¹
 And others call it God.

—WILLIAM H. CARRUTH.

From "Each In His Own Tongue and Other Poems," G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, publishers.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: planet, cell, saurian, evolution, horizon, infinite, tint, crescent, sea-beach, yearnings, welling, mystic, picket, Socrates, hemlock, rood, humble, consecration.
 2. Which was first, the fire-mist or the planet?
 3. What conditions of life are described in the first stanza?
 4. Describe the Autumn in the language of the poet.
 5. To what does the poet liken the feeling of longing?
 6. Explain, "the mystic ocean, whose rim no foot has trod."
 7. Give good examples of consecration other than those that the poet mentions.
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THE HOME-COMING OF COLONEL HUCKS

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE was born at Emporia, Kansas, in 1868. Until he was ready for college practically all of his life was spent in El Dorado, Kansas. Here he attended the common schools and high school. He spent one year at the College of Emporia, and then entered the University of Kansas, where he remained until he was graduated. After graduation he returned to his home town and went to work on the *El Dorado Republican*. His writings in this paper at once attracted attention, and he was soon called to a position on the *Kansas City Journal*, which he accepted. A little later he accepted a place on the *Kansas City Star*. Most of the stories which later appeared in his first book, "The Real Issue," came out in the Sunday issues of the *Kansas City Star*. The first of these stories to be published was "The Home-coming of Colonel Hucks."

The "Boyville Stories" were also written while Mr. White was connected with the *Kansas City Star*, but were not published in

1. *Consecration*. Steadfast devotion.

book form until after he had purchased the *Emporia Gazette* and moved to Emporia. Besides "The Real Issue" and "Boyville Stories," the best known of Mr. White's books are "Stratagems and Spoils" and "A Certain Rich Man." Mr. White is perhaps as well known through his contributions to magazines as through his stories and novels. His character sketches of men prominent in national affairs have been especially well received and widely read.

"The Home-coming of Colonel Hucks" is the story of a young man and his wife who came to Kansas in pioneer days, endured the hardships and privations incident to frontier life, reared a family, and accumulated enough property to provide for a comfortable old age. During all these years they cherished fondest memories of their old home in Ohio, and looked forward to the time when they could visit that old home. The experiences and impressions of this visit, and the new appreciation of their Kansas home which it awakened, constitute a most interesting story.

THE HOME-COMING OF COLONEL HUCKS

A GENERATION ago, a wagon covered with white canvas turned to the right on the California road,¹ and took a northerly course toward a prairie stream that nestled just under a long, low bluff. When the white pilgrim,² jolting over the rough, unbroken ground, through the tall "blue stem" grass,³ reached a broad bend in the stream, it stopped. A man and a woman emerged from under the canvas, and stood for a moment facing the wild, green meadow, and the distant hills. The man was young, lithe, and graceful, but despite his boyish figure the woman felt his unconscious strength, as he put his arm about her waist. She was aglow with health; her fine, strong, intelligent eyes burned with hope, and her firm jaw was good to behold. They stood gazing at the virgin field a moment

1. *The California road.* One of the early trails that crossed Kansas. It is more commonly known as the Oregon Trail.

2. *White pilgrim.* The canvas-covered wagon in which the settlers were traveling.

3. "*Blue stem*" grass. A tall jointed prairie grass, common in eastern Kansas in early days.

in silence. There were tears in the woman's eyes, as she looked up after the kiss and said:

"And this is the end of our wedding journey; and—and—the honey-moon—the only one we can ever have in all the world—is over."

The horses, moving uneasily in their sweaty harness, cut short the man's reply. When he returned, his wife was getting the cooking utensils from under the wagon, and life—stern, troublous—had begun for them.

It was thus that young Colonel William Hucks brought his wife to Kansas.

They were young, strong, hearty people, and they conquered the wilderness. A home sprang up in the elbow of the stream. In the fall, long rows of corn shocks trailed what had been the meadow. In the summer the field stood horse-high with corn. From the bluff, as the years flew by, the spectator might see the checker-board of the farm,¹ clean cut, well kept, smiling in the sun. Little children frolicked in the king row, and hurried to school down the green lines of the lanes where the hedges grow. Once, a slow procession, headed by a spring wagon with a little black box in it, might have been seen filing between the rows of the half-grown poplar trees and out across the brown, stubble-covered prairie, to the desolate hill and the graveyard. Now, neighbors from miles around may be heard coming in rattling wagons across vale and plain, laden with tin presents; after which the little home is seen ablaze with lights, while the fiddle vies with the mirth of the rollicking party, dancing with the wanton echoes on the bluff across the stream.

There were years when the light in the kitchen burned far into the night, when two heads bent over the table,

1. *The checker-board of the farm.* The farm was laid out in regularly shaped fields, giving it the appearance of a checker-board.

figuring to make ends meet. In these years the girlish figure became bent, and the light faded in the woman's eyes, while the lithe figure of the man was gnarled by the rigors of the struggle. There were days—not years, thank God—when lips forgot their tenderness; and, as fate tugged fiercely at the curbed bit, there were times, when souls rebelled, and cried out in bitterness and despair, at the roughness of the path.

In this wise went Colonel William Hucks and his wife through youth into maturity,¹ and in this wise they faced towards the sunset.

He was tall, with a stoop; grizzled, brawny, perhaps uncouth in mien.² She was stout, unshapely, rugged; yet her face was kind and motherly. There was a boyish twinkle left in her husband's eyes, and a quaint, quizzing, one-sided smile often stumbled across his care-furrowed countenance. As the years passed, Mrs. Hucks noticed that her husband's foot fell heavily when he walked by her side, and the pang she felt when she first observed his plodding step was too deep for tears. It was in these days, that the minds of the Huckses unconsciously reverted³ to old times. It became their wont,⁴ in these latter days, to sit in the silent house, whence the children had gone out to try issue with the world, and, of evenings, to talk of the old faces and of the old places, in the home of their youth. Theirs had been a pinched and busy life. They had never returned to visit their old Ohio home. The Colonel's father and mother were gone. His wife's relatives were not there. Yet each felt the longing to go back. For years they had talked of the charms of the

1. *Maturity*. State of full growth or development; middle age.

2. *Uncouth in mien*. Awkward in manner.

3. *Reverted*. Turned back.

4. *Wont*. Custom.

home of their childhood. Their children had been brought up to believe that the place was little less than heaven. The Kansas grass seemed short, and barren of beauty to them, beside the picture of the luxury of Ohio's fields. For them the Kansas streams did not ripple and dimple so merrily in the sun as the Ohio brooks, that romped through dewy pastures, in their memories. The bleak Kansas plain, in winter and in fall, seemed to the Colonel and his wife to be ugly and gaunt, when they remembered the brow of the hill under which their first kiss was shaded from the moon, while the world grew dim under a sleigh that bounded over the turnpike.¹ The old people did not give voice to their musings. But in the woman's heart there gnawed a yearning for the beauty of the old scenes. It was almost a physical hunger.

After their last child, a girl, had married, and had gone down the lane toward the lights of the village, Mrs. Hucks began to watch with a greedy eye the dollars mount toward a substantial bank-account. She hoped that she and her husband might afford a holiday.

Last year, Providence blessed the Huckses with plenty. It was the woman, who revived the friendship of youth in her husband's cousin, who lived in the old township in Ohio. It was Mrs. Hucks, who secured from that cousin an invitation to spend a few weeks in the Ohio homestead. It was Mrs. Hucks, again, who made her husband happy by putting him into a tailor's suit—the first he had bought since his wedding—for the great occasion. Colonel Hucks needed no persuasion to take the trip. Indeed, it was his wife's economy which had kept him from being a spend-thrift, and from borrowing money with which to go, on a dozen different occasions.

1. *Turnpike.* A road, usually surfaced or macadamized, on which there were toll gates where travelers were stopped and charged a fee for using the road.

The day which Colonel and Mrs. William Hucks set apart for starting upon their journey was one of those perfect Kansas days in early October. The rain had washed the summer's dust from the air, clearing it, and stenciling¹ the lights and shades very sharply. The woods along the little stream, which flowed through the farm, had not been greener at any time during the season. The second crop of grass on the hillside almost sheened² in vividness. The yellow of the stubble in the grain fields was all but a glittering golden. The sky was a deep, glorious blue, and the big, downy clouds which lumbered lazily here and there in the depths of it, appeared near and palpable.³

As Mrs. Hucks "did up" the breakfast dishes for the last time before leaving for the town to take the cars, she began to feel that the old house would be lonesome without her. The silence that was about to come, seemed to her to be seeping in, and it made her feel creepy. In her fancy she petted the furniture as she "set it to rights," saying mentally, that it would be a long time before the house would have her care again. To Mrs. Hucks every bit of furniture brought up its separate recollection, and there was a hatchet-scarred chair in the kitchen which had come with her in the wagon from Ohio. Mrs. Hucks felt that she could not leave that chair. All the while she was singing softly, as she went about her simple tasks. Her husband was puttering around the barnyard, with the dog under his feet. He was repeating for the twentieth time, the instructions to a neighbor about the care of the stock, when it occurred to him to go into the house and dress. After this was accomplished, the old couple paused

1. *Stenciling.* Tracing or marking.

2. *Sheened.* Glistened.

3. *Palpable.* Sensible to the touch.

outside the front door while Colonel Hucks fumbled with the key. "Think of it, Father," said Mrs. Hucks as she turned to descend from the porch. "Thirty years ago—and you and I have been fighting so hard out here—since you let me out of your arms to look after the horses. Think of what has come—and—and—gone, Father, and here we are alone, after it all."

"Now, Mother, I—" but the woman broke in again with:

"Do you mind how I looked that day? O, William, you were so fine, and so handsome then! What's become of my boy—my young—sweet—strong—glorious boy?"

Mrs. Hucks' eyes were wet, and her voice broke at the end of the sentence.

"Mother," said the Colonel, as he went around the corner of the house, "just wait a minute till I see if this kitchen door is fastened."

When he came back, he screwed up the corner of his mouth into a droll, one-sided smile and said, with a twinkle in his eyes, to the woman emerging from her handkerchief:

"Mother, for a woman of your age, I should say you had a mighty close call to being kissed, just then. That kitchen door was all that saved you."

"Now, Pa, don't be silly," was all that Mrs. Hucks had the courage to attempt, as she climbed into the buggy.

Colonel Hucks and his wife went down the road, each loath to go and leave the home-place without their care. Their ragged, uneven flow of talk was filled with more anxiety about the place which they were leaving, than it was with the joys anticipated at their journey's end. The glories of Ohio, and the wonderful green of its hills, and the cool of its meadows, veined with purling brooks,¹

1. *Purling brooks.* Murmuring brooks.

was a picture that seemed to fade in the mental vision of this old pair, when they turned the corner that hid their Kansas home from view. Mrs. Hucks kept reverting in her mind to her recollection of the bedroom, which she had left in disorder. The parlor and the kitchen formed a mental picture in the housewife's fancy, which did not leave place for speculations about the glories into which she was about to come. In the cars, Colonel Hucks found himself leaning across the aisle, bragging mildly about Kansas, for the benefit of a traveling man from Cincinnati. When the Colonel and his wife spread their supper on their knees in the Kansas City Union Depot, the recollection that it was the little buff Cochin pullet which they were eating made Mrs. Hucks very homesick. The Colonel, on being reminded of this, was meditative also.

They arrived at their destination in the night. Mrs. Hucks and the women of the homestead refreshed old acquaintance in the bedroom and in the kitchen, while the Colonel and the men sat stiffly in the parlor, and called the roll of¹ the dead and absent. In the morning, while he was waiting for his breakfast, Colonel Hucks went for a prowling down in the cow lot. It seemed to him that the creek which ran through the lot was dry and ugly. He found a stone upon which as a boy he had stood and fished. He remembered it as a huge boulder, and he had told his children wonderful tales about its great size. It seemed to him that it had worn away one half in thirty years. The moss on the river bank was faded and old, and the beauty for which he had looked was marred by a thousand irregularities, which he did not recall in the picture of the place that he had carried in his memory since he left it.

1. *Called the roll of.* Talked about.

Colonel Hucks trudged up the bank from the stream with his hands clasped behind him, whistling "O, Lord, Remember me," and trying to reconcile the things he had seen with those he had expected to find. At breakfast he said nothing of his puzzle, but as Mrs. Hucks and the Colonel sat in the parlor alone, during the morning, while their cousins were arranging to take the Kansas people over the neighborhood in the buggy, Mrs. Hucks said:

"Father, I've been lookin' out the window, and I see they've had such a dreadful drouth here. See that grass there, it's as short and dry—and the ground looks burneder and crackeder than it does in Kansas."

"Uhm, yes," replied the Colonel. "I had noticed that myself. Yet crops seem a pretty fair yield this year."

As the buggy in which the two families were riding rumbled over the bridge, the Colonel, who was sitting in the front seat, turned to the woman in the back seat and said:

"Lookie there, Mother, they've got a new mill—smaller 'n the old mill, too."

To which his cousin responded, "Bill Hucks, what's got into you, anyway! That's the same old mill, where me and you used to steal pigeons."

The Colonel looked closer, and drawled out, "Well, I be doggoned! What makes it look so small? Ain't it smaller, Mother?" he asked, as they crossed the mill-race,¹ that seemed to the Colonel to be a diminutive affair, compared with the roaring mill-race in which as a boy he had caught minnows.

The party rode on thus for half an hour, chatting leisurely, when Mrs. Hucks, who had been keenly watching the scenery for five minutes, pinched her husband and

1. *Mill-race.* A canal diverting water from a stream for the purpose of running the machinery of a mill.

cried enthusiastically, as the buggy was descending a little knoll:

"Here't is, Father! This is the place!"

"What place?" asked the Colonel, who was head over heels in the tariff.¹

"Don't you know, William?" replied his wife with a tremble in her voice, which the woman beside her noticed.

Every one in the buggy was listening. The Colonel looked about him; then, turning to the woman beside his wife on the back seat, he said:

"This is the place where I mighty nigh got tipped over trying to drive two horses to a sleigh, with the lines between my knees. Mother and me have remembered it, someway, ever since." And the old man stroked his grizzled beard, and tried to smile on the wrong side of his face, that the women might see his joke. They exchanged meaning glances when the Colonel turned away, and Mrs. Hucks was proudly happy. Even the dullness of the color on the grass, which she had remembered as a luscious green, did not sadden her for half an hour.

When the two Kansas people were alone that night, the Colonel asked:

"Don't it seem kind of dwarfed here—to what you expected it would be? Seems to me like it's all shriveled, and worn out, and old. Everything's got dust on it. The grass by the roads is dusty. The trees that used to seem so tall and black with shade are just nothing like what they used to be. The hills I've thought of as young mountains don't seem to be so big as our bluff back—back home."

Kansas was "home" to them now. For thirty years the struggling couple on the prairie had kept the phrase

1. *Head over heels in the tariff.* The Colonel was deeply interested in discussing the tariff with his cousin.

"back home" sacred to Ohio. Each felt a thrill at the household blasphemy,¹ and both were glad that the Colonel had said "back home," and that it meant Kansas.

"Are you sorry you come, Father?" said Mrs. Hucks, as the Colonel was about to fall into a doze.

"I don't know, are you?" he asked.

"Well, yes, I guess I am. I haven't no heart for this, the way it is, and I've some way lost the picture I had fixed in my mind of the way it was. I don't care for this, and yet it seems like I do, too, Oh, I wish I hadn't come, to find everything so washed out—like it is!"

And so they looked at pictures of youth through the eyes of age. How the colors were faded! What a tragic difference there is between the light which springs from the dawn, and the glow which falls from the sunset.

After that first day Colonel Hucks did not restrain his bragging about Kansas. And Mrs. Hucks gave rein to her pride when she heard him. Before that day she had reserved a secret contempt for a Kansas boaster, and had even wished that he might see what Ohio could do in the particular line which he was praising. But now, Mrs. Hucks caught herself saying to her hostess, "What small ears of corn you raise here!"

The day after this concession Mrs. Hucks began to grow homesick. At first, she worried about the stock; the Colonel's chief care was about the dog. The fifth day's visit was their last. As they were driving to the town to take the train for Kansas, Mrs. Hucks overheard her husband discoursing, something after this fashion:

"I tell you, Jim, before I'd slave my life out on an 'eighty' the way you're doin', I'd go out takin' in white-

1. *Blasphemy.* Evil or profane speaking of things sacred. These old people had kept "back home" as a term sacred to their old Ohio home. Using that term to designate any other place seemed to them like blasphemy.

washin'. It's just like this—a man in Kansas has lower taxes, better schools, and more advantages in every way, than you've got here. And as for grasshoppers? Why, Jim West, sech talk makes me tired! My boy Bill's been always born and raised in Kansas, and now he's in the legislature, and in all his life, since he can remember, he never seen a hopper. Wouldn't know one from a sacred ibex,¹ if he met it in the road."

While the women were sitting in the buggy at the depot waiting for the train, Mrs. Hucks found herself saying:

"And as for fruit—why, we fed apples to the hogs this fall. I sold the cherries, all but what was on one tree near the house, and I put up sixteen quarts from just two sides of that tree, and never stepped my foot off the ground to pick 'em."

When they were comfortably seated on the homeward-bound train, Mrs. Hucks said to her husband:

"How do you suppose they live here in this country, anyway, Father? Don't any one here seem to own any of the land joinin' them, and they'd no more think of puttin' in water tanks and windmills around their farms than they'd think of flyin'. I just wish Mary could come out and see my new kitchen sink with the hot and cold water in it. Why, she almost fainted when I told her how to fix a dreem for her dishwater and things." Then after a sigh she added, "But they are so onprogressive here, now-a-days."

That was the music which the Colonel loved, and he took up the strain, and carried the tune for a few miles.

1. *Sacred ibex* (i'bēks). The ibex is a variety of wild goat found in various parts of Europe and Asia. The term "sacred ibex" is probably the result of confusion with "sacred ibis," a bird of the heron family, common in the Nile basin. The sacred ibis was worshipped by the ancient Egyptians.

Then it became a duet, and the two old souls were very happy.

They were overjoyed at being bound for Kansas. They hungered for kindred spirits. At Peoria,¹ in the early morning, they awakened from their chair-car naps to hear a strident² female voice saying:

"Well, sir, when the rain did finally come, Mr. Morris he just didn't think there was a thing left worth cutting on the place, but lo, and behold, we got over forty bushel to the acre off of that field, as it was."

The Colonel was thoroughly awake in an instant, and he nudged his wife, as the voice went on:

"Mr. Morris he was so afraid the wheat was winter killed; all the papers said it was; and then come the late frost, which every one said had ruined it—but law me—"

Mrs. Hucks could stand it no longer. With her husband's cane she reached the owner of the voice, and said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but what part of Kansas are you from?"

It seemed like a meeting with a dear relative. The rest of the journey to Kansas City was a hallelujah chorus, wherein the Colonel sang a powerful and telling bass.

When he crossed the Kansas state line Colonel Hucks began, indeed, to glory in his state. He pointed out the school-houses, that rose in every village, and he asked his fellow-passenger to note that the school-house is the most important piece of architecture in every group of buildings. He told the history of every rod of ground along the Kaw to Topeka. He dilated³ eloquently, and at length, upon the coal mines in Osage county, and he pointed with pride to the varied resources of his state. Every prospect was

1. *Peoria*. A city in Illinois.

2. *Strident*. Loud; harsh; grating.

3. *Dilated*. Spoke enthusiastically.

pleasing to Colonel Hucks, as he rode home that beautiful October day, and his wife was more radiantly happy than she had been for many years.

As the train pulled into the little town of Willow Creek, that afternoon, the Colonel craned his neck at the car window to catch the first glimpse of the big, red stand-pipe, and of the big stone school-house on the hill. When the whistle blew for the station, the Colonel said:

"What is it that fool Riley feller says about 'Grigsby's Station,¹ where we used to be so happy and so pore'?"

As the Colonel and his wife passed out of the town into the quiet country, where the shadows were growing long and black, and where the gentle blue haze was hanging over the distant hills, that undulated the horizon, a silence fell upon the two hearts. Each mind sped back over a lifetime to the evening when they had turned out of the main road, in which they were traveling. A dog barking in the meadow behind the hedge did not startle them from their reveries. The restless cattle, wandering down the hillside toward the bars, made a natural complement² to the picture which they loved.

"It is almost sunset, Father," said the wife, as she put her hand upon her husband's arm.

Her touch, and the voice in which she had spoken, tightened some cord at his throat. The Colonel could only repeat, as he avoided her gaze:

"Yes, almost sunset, Mother, almost sunset."

"It has been a long day, William, but you have been good to me. Has it been a happy day for you, Father?"

The Colonel turned his head away. He was afraid to trust himself to speech. He clucked to the horses and drove down the lane. As they came into the yard, the

1. *Grigsby's Station*. A poem by James Whitcomb Riley.

2. *Complement*. That which completes.

Colonel put an arm about his wife and pressed his cheek against her face. Then he said drolly:

"Now, lookie at that dog—come tearin' up here like he never saw white folks before!"

And so Colonel William Hucks brought his wife back to Kansas. Here their youth is woven into the very soil they love; here every tree around their home has its sacred history; here every sky above them recalls some day of trial and of hope.

Here in the gloaming¹ to-night stands an old man, bent and grizzled. His eyes are dimmed with tears, which he would not acknowledge for the world, and he is dreaming strange dreams, while he listens to a little, cracked voice in the kitchen, half humming and half singing:

"Home again, home again,
From a foreign shore."

—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

¹ From "The Real Issue," by William Allen White, published by The Macmillan Company. Reprinted by special permission of the publishers.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: generation, pilgrim, "blue-stem," emerged, canvas, virgin, troublous, hearty, elbow, spectator, procession, stubble-covered, ablaze, gnarled, maturity, quizzing, care-furrowed, reverted, wont, turnpike, substantial, bank-account, stenciling, sheened, vividness, palpable, puttering, anticipated, purling, meditative, destination, boulder, marred, irregularities, reconcile, diminutive, mill-race, grizzled, luscious, blasphemy, washed, discoursing, concession, ibex, sacred ibis, strident, hallelujah chorus, architecture, resources, craned, reveries, complement, drolly, gloaming.

2. From what states did a large number of the early Kansas settlers come?

3. Explain, "life—stern, troublous—had begun for them."

4. Explain the reference to the "slow procession," and the "little black box."

5. What does the gathering of neighbors "laden with tin presents" suggest?

2. *Gloaming*. The dusk of early evening; twilight.

6. Explain, "the silent house, whence the children had gone out to try issue with the world."

7. Why did their minds at this time, more than before, go back to their old home?

8. Explain, "pinched and busy life."

9. Give the picture of their Ohio home, which they still held in mind.

10. Explain Mrs. Hucks' feelings as she put things in order just before they started for Ohio. Why did she "pet the furniture"?

11. Explain, "puttering around the barnyard."

12. What was uppermost in Mrs. Hucks' mind when she said, "Think of what has come—and—and—gone, Father, and here we are alone; after it all"?

13. Why did "the glories of Ohio" seem to fade in their vision as Colonel and Mrs. Hucks turned the corner that shut their Kansas home from view?

14. Compare the actual appearance of the Ohio home of the Hucks' with their mental pictures of it. How do you account for the difference?

15. Explain, "they looked at pictures of youth through the eyes of age."

16. When did Kansas become *home* to them?

17. Explain their enthusiasm for Kansas after the first day in Ohio?

18. How did Mrs. Hucks know that the woman they heard talking in the car was from Kansas?

19. What is meant by, "a hallelujah chorus, wherein the colonel sang a powerful and telling bass"?

20. What did Mrs. Hucks mean when she said, "It is almost sunset, Father"?

21. Explain, "It has been a long day."

22. Why did the love of these two old people for their Kansas home far exceed their love for the home of their youth?

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) was a Scotch poet and novelist. His father, a lawyer in Edinburgh, belonged to one of the border Scottish clans. Scott was not a strong child, and for this reason was sent to the country, where he early developed a love for outdoor life and for nature. At seven years of age he entered high school in Edinburgh. He was a manly, attractive boy, who loved sport and was fond of good reading. As a boy he read poems, stories, ballads, and family legends concerning life on the border between Scotland and England. In 1783 Scott entered Edinburgh University, where he gave much attention to romantic literature. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1792. He made trips to the Highlands along the border, and as a result added to his store of ballads and border legends. These, with those he had accumulated in his earlier reading, gave him a rich fund on which to draw when he began writing. His first writings of any note were "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." These poems are splendid pictures of the romantic and chivalrous ages on the Scottish border.

Scott's fame as a writer does not rest upon his poems, popular as they were, so much as it does upon his long series of romantic novels, twenty-nine in all. For most of these he drew upon the same sources that he used in writing his poems. The whole series is known under the name of *The Waverley Novels*.

Up to 1826 these books had been published anonymously. In that year the publishing house with which Scott had been secretly connected failed. Scott then acknowledged the authorship of the novels, assumed the debt of the company, which amounted to almost \$600,000, and set to work to pay it with his pen. One book after another came forth and was received by the public with delight, until Scott's strength gave way. After a voyage in a vain search for health he returned to Scotland, and spent his last days in his magnificent home at Abbotsford, where he died September 21, 1832.

Scott's descent from one of the border clans, his early familiarity with the traditions, legends, and ballads of the border, his intimate acquaintance with the region in which the events of "The Lady of the Lake" occurred, made it possible for him to give us one of the finest examples of romantic poetry in the language.

The story is based on a tradition connected with the life

of James V., of Scotland. Canto First, *The Chase*, tells how Fitz-James, in pursuit of a stag, becomes separated from his hunting party, suffers the loss of his steed, and is lost in the forest. The story of his meeting with Ellen, the daughter of Douglas, an outlawed knight of his kingdom, and of his being entertained by her at her island home, is one of the most interesting incidents of the poem.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO FIRST

The Chase

HARP of the North!¹ that mouldering long hast hung
 On the witch-elm² that shades Saint Fillan's spring,³
 And down the fitful breeze thy numbers⁴ flung,
 Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
 Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
 O Minstrel Harp,⁵ still must thine accents sleep?
 'Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
 Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
 Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,⁶
 Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,

1. *Harp of the North! that mouldering long hast hung.* "The North" is Scotland. The poet means that the singers, or poets, of his country have for a long time been silent. In this and the following two verses Scott addresses the harp as the inspiration of the poetry of Scotland.

2. *Witch-elm.* The drooping, broad-leaved elm of Scotland. It is called witch-elm because its twigs were used as divining rods by "water witches."

3. *Saint Fillan's spring.* Saint Fillan was a Scottish abbot of the eighth century. The spring referred to here is probably the one west of Loch (or Lake) Earn. It was also called the Holy Pool.

4. *Numbers.* Verses.

5. *Minstrel Harp.* The harp of ancient minstrels, who went about from place to place playing and singing their verses in the halls of nobles.

6. *Caledon.* A contracted form of Caledonia, the poetical name for Scotland.

When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
 Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
 At each according pause,¹ was heard aloud
 Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
 Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd,
 For still the burden² of thy minstrelsy
 Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-
 less eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
 That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
 O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
 Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
 Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
 And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
 Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
 The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
 Then silent be no more! Enchantress,³ wake again!

I

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,⁴
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;⁵
 But, when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,⁶

1. *According pause.* A pause or interval in the singing, during which the harp was played.

2. *Burden.* Central thought; theme.

3. *Enchantress.* The harp.

4. *Monan's rill.* A stream named after Saint Monan, a Scottish martyr of the fourth century.

5. *Glenartney's hazel shade.* The stag had been hiding in the shelter of the hazels growing on the borders of the Glenartney River, a small stream in central Scotland.

6. *Benvoirlich's head* (bĕn-vô'r'lik), "Ben" is Scotch for mountain. Benvoirlich is a mountain in Dumbartonshire.

The deep-mouth'd bloodhound's heavy bay
 Resounded up the rocky way,
 And faint, from farther distance borne,
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II

As Chief who hears his warder¹ call,
 "To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
 The antler'd monarch of the waste²
 Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
 But, ere his fleet career he took,
 The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
 Like crested leader proud and high,
 Toss'd his beam'd frontlet³ to the sky;
 A moment gazed adown the dale,
 A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,⁴
 A moment listen'd to the cry,
 That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh;
 Then, as the headmost foes appear'd,
 With one brave bound the copse⁵ he clear'd,
 And, stretching forward free and far,
 Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.⁶

III

Yell'd on the view the opening pack;
 Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;

1. *Warder*. The guard of the castle; the keeper of the gate.

2. *Waste*. Forest; any uncultivated ground.

3. *Beam'd frontlet*. Antlered forehead.

4. *Tainted gale*. Scented gale. The stag was able to scent the hounds by means of the wind.

5. *Copse*. A thicket of bushes or a wood of small trees.

6. *Uam-Var* (u'ä-vär). A mountain lying southeast of Loch Earn. It was fabled to have been the home of a giant, and was later frequented by a dangerous band of robbers.

To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clatter'd a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cower'd the doe,
The falcon,¹ from her cairn² on high,
Cast on the rout³ a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken⁴
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn,⁵
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,

1. *Falcon* (fa'c'n). A species of hawk that was often tamed and trained to hunt other birds.

2. *Cairn* (kârn). A mound or heap of stones erected as a monument or landmark. Here it means the rocky crags high on the mountain side.

3. *Rout*. The chase.

4. *Ken*. Vision.

5. *Linn*. Pool.

And many a gallant, stayed perforce,¹
 Was fain to breathe² his faltering horse,
 And of the trackers of the deer,
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
 So shrewdly³ on the mountain side
 Had the bold burst⁴ their mettle⁵ tried.

V

The noble stag was pausing now
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended, far beneath,
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.⁶
 With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,⁷
 And ponder'd refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.⁸
 But nearer was the copsewood gray,
 That waved and wept on Loch Achray,⁹
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.¹⁰
 Fresh vigor with the hope return'd,
 With flying foot the heath he spurn'd,
 Held westward with unwearied race,
 And left behind the panting chase.

-
1. *Stayed perforce.* Stopped of necessity.
 2. *To breathe.* To permit to take breath; to allow to rest.
 3. *Shrewdly.* Severely.
 4. *Burst.* The stretch of hard running.
 5. *Mettle.* Spirit or quality.
 6. *Menteith.* A district on the border of the River Teith.
 7. *Moss and moor.* Bog and marsh.
 8. *Lochard or Aberfoyle.* Lochard is a small lake near the village of Aberfoyle.
 9. *Loch Achray.* A small lake near Loch Katrine.
 10. *Benvenue* (bĕn-vĕ-nōō'). A mountain south of the eastern end of Loch Katrine.

VI

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambusmore;¹
What reins were tighten'd in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge² in air;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,³
Who shunn'd to stem the flooded Teith—
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk⁴ was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;⁵
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strain'd full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,⁶
Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,

1. *Cambusmore*. A country estate near the river Teith.

2. *Benledi's ridge*. A mountain ridge about ten miles west of Uam-Var.

3. *Bochastle's heath*. A flat plain near the south end of Benledi.

4. *Brigg of Turk*. A bridge near the eastern end of Lock Achray.

5. *Scourge and steel*. Whip and spur.

6. *Saint Hubert's breed*. A variety of hound bred by the abbots of Saint Hubert's monastery.

Nor farther might the quarry¹ strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,²
O'er stock³ and rock their race they take.

VIII

The hunter mark'd that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deem'd the stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barr'd the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo,
Muster'd his breath, his whinyard⁴ drew;—
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunn'd the shock,
And turn'd him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs'⁵ wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close couch'd, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild-flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding⁶ the rocks that yell'd again.⁷

1. *Quarry*. Hunted animal.

2. *Brake*. A thicket.

3. *Stock*. A stump or log.

4. *Whinyard*. A short sword.

5. *Trosachs* (trös'uks). The wild region near Loch Katrine and Loch Achray.

6. *Chiding*. Reproving; scolding.

7. *Yell'd again*. Gave back echo.

IX

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretch'd his stiff limbs, to rise no more,
Then, touch'd with pity and remorse,
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,¹
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth² the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

X

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limp'd, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they press'd,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat³
Prolong'd the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answer'd with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seem'd an answering blast;

1. *Seine*. A river in France, on the banks of which Paris is situated.

2. *Woe worth*. Woe be to.

3. *Dingle's hollow throat*. The walls of the narrow valley or glen.

And on the Hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

XI

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle;¹
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower² which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Form'd turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seem'd fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,³
Wild crests as pagod⁴ ever decked,
Or mosque⁵ of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lack'd they many a banner fair;

1. *Pinnacle*. Highest point; summit.

2. *Tower*. The tower of Babel. See Genesis xi, 1-9.

3. *Minaret*. A slender, lofty tower.

4. *Pagod*. An idol.

5. *Mosque*. A Mohammedan temple.

For, from their shiver'd brows displayed,
Far, o'er the unfathomable glade,¹
All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII

Boon² nature scatter'd, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalm'd the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower,
Found in each clift a narrow bower;³
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Group'd their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted⁴ rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;

1. *Glade*. An open space in the forest.

2. *Boon*. Bounteous.

3. *Bower*. A shady recess or leafy nook.

4. *Rifted*. Cracked, split.

So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet,¹ still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,²
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the Hunter stray'd,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;³
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

XIV

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,⁴
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots⁵ his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;

1. *Inlet.* A narrow strip of water running into the land.

2. *Veering.* Turning; shifting.

3. *Moat.* A ditch surrounding a castle or a fortification.

4. *Nice.* Delicate; careful; exact.

5. *Broom's tough roots.* The strong roots of the broom plant.

And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnish'd sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine¹ lay beneath him roll'd,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering² forest feather'd o'er
His ruin'd sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an³ heaved high his forehead bare.

XV

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed.
And, "What a scene were here," he cried,
"For princely pomp, or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister⁴ gray;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!

1. *Loch Katrine*. Loch Katrine is about five miles east of Loch Lomond. It is nine miles long and two miles broad, and is surrounded by high cliffs and rocky ravines.

2. *Wildering* (wil'dēr-ing). Bewildering.

3. *Ben-an*. A summit east of Loch Katrine.

4. *Cloister*. A monastery.

How sweet, at eve the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
 And, when the midnight moon should lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matins' distant hum,¹
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell—²
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
 Should each bewilder'd stranger call
 To friendly feast, and lighted hall.

XVI

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
 But now,—beshrew³ yon nimble deer,—
 Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
 The copse must give my evening fare;
 Some mossy bank my couch must be,
 Some rustling oak my canopy.
 Yet pass we that; the war and chase
 Give little choice of resting-place;—
 A summer night, in greenwood spent,
 Were but to-morrow's merriment:
 But hosts may in these wilds abound,
 Such as are better missed than found;⁴

1. *Matins' distant hum.* The murmur of priests reciting a midnight prayer. (Not to be confused with the morning services usually signified by the word *matins*.)

2. *To drop a bead with every knell.* Here bead means prayer. The hermit offers a prayer at each stroke of the bell, and with each prayer counts a bead in his rosary.

3. *Beshrew.* A mild curse, used much the same as "plague on."

4. *Hosts . . . better missed than found.* At the time of this story outlaw robber bands infested this region.

To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.
I am alone;—my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion¹ has been tried."

XVII

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Let its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand
The guardian Naiad² of the strand.

1. *Falchion* (fal'shŭn). A sword with a curved blade.

2. *Naiad* (nā'yăd). A semi-divine maiden, presiding over lakes and brooks.

XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph,¹ a Naiad, or a Grace,²
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!

XIX

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid;
Her satin snood,³ her silken plaid,⁴
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,

1. *Nymph*. A beautiful maiden belonging to a class of semi-divine beings, living in groves, forests or other natural resorts.

2. *Grace*. The Graces were three goddesses, the personifications of grace, beauty, and joy.

3. *Snood*. The ribbon with which the hair of the Scottish maiden is tied. It is emblematic of maidenhood.

4. *Plaid* (plād). A garment, cross-barred with different colors, worn by the Scottish Highlanders of both sexes.

Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled¹ a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye:
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd²
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love³ was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
The indignant spirit of the North.⁴
One only passion unreveal'd,
With maiden pride the maid conceal'd,
Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
O need I tell that passion's name?

XX

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
“Father!” she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.

-
1. *Mantled*. Overspread.
 2. *Confess'd*. Expressed or disclosed.
 3. *Filial love*. The love of son or daughter for a parent.
 4. *Indignant spirit of the North*. Fiery spirit of the Scotch people.

Awhile she paused, no answer came,—
“Malcolm,¹ was thine the blast?” the name
Less resolutely utter’d fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
“A stranger I,” the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar
Pushed her light shallop² from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom’s screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune³ his ruffled wing).
Then safe, though flutter’d and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.⁴

XXI

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press’d its signet sage,⁵
Yet had not quench’d the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee⁶ was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.⁷

1. *Malcolm*. Malcolm Græme, the Highland lover of Ellen.

2. *Shallop*. A small boat.

3. *To prune*. To arrange ruffled or damaged plumage.

4. *Wont to fly*. Are accustomed to flee from.

5. *Signet sage*. Seal or sign of wisdom.

6. *Forward and frolic glee*. Bold and playful glee.

7. *Headlong ire*. Rash anger.

His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb array'd,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,¹
As if a Baron's crest² he wore,
And sheathed in armor trode the shore.
Slighting the petty need³ he show'd,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flow'd fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command.

XXII

Awhile the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,
That Highland halls were open still
To wilder'd⁴ wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pull'd⁵ for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock⁶ bled,

1. *Martial pride.* The pride of a warrior.

2. *Baron's crest.* The plume or tuft on the helmet worn by a baron.

3. *Slighting the petty need.* Making light of his need for food and shelter.

4. *Wilder'd.* Lost.

5. *Couch was pull'd.* The heather for making a couch was pulled.

6. *Ptarmigan and heath-cock.* Wild fowl common in Scotland.

And our broad nets have swept the mere,¹
To furnish forth your evening cheer."
"Now, by the rood,² my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has err'd," he said;
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser³ lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay⁴ in fairy land!"

XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,—
"I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as⁵ yesternight,
Old Allan-bane⁶ foretold your plight,—
A gray-hair'd sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,⁷

1. *Mere*. Lake.

2. *By the rood*. By the cross. A common form of oath.

3. *Courser*. A steed.

4. *Fay*. A fairy. The Hunter said this in compliment to the young lady.

5. *As far as*. As long ago as.

6. *Old Allan-bane*. The minstrel of the poem. He was gifted with the power of prophecy. Bane (băn) means fair-haired.

7. *Lincoln green*. A color produced in Lincoln, England; also a cloth made in Lincoln.

That tassell'd horn so gayly gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree;¹
But light I held his prophecy,
And deem'd it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

XXIV

The stranger smiled:—"Since to your home
A destined errant-knight² I come,
Announced by prophet sooth³ and old,
Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprise⁴
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me first the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
The maid, with smile suppress'd and sly,
The toil unwonted⁵ saw him try;
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasp'd an oar;
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The dark'ning mirror of the lake,

1. *Fair degree.* High degree.

2. *Errant-knight.* A knight roving or wandering in search of adventure.

3. *Sooth.* Truthful.

4. *Front each high emprise.* Face each great undertaking.

5. *Toil unwonted.* Labor to which he was not accustomed.

Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV

The stranger view'd the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain-maiden show'd
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And open'd on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopp'd of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined¹ height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And wither'd heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.

1. *Destined.* Desired.

Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars¹ borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan² vine,
The clematis,³ the favor'd flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she stayed,
And gayly to the stranger said,
"On heaven and on thy lady call,⁴
And enter the enchanted hall!"

XXVII

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He cross'd the threshold—and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rush'd,⁵
But soon for vain alarm he blush'd,
When on the floor he saw display'd,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropp'd from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;

1. *Native pillars.* Growing trees.

2. *Idæan* (ī-dē'an). A word derived from Mount Ida, a mountain near the ancient city of Troy.

3. *Clematis* (klēm'ā-tis). A flowering vine, two species of which, the virgin's-bower and the traveler's-joy, have small white flowers in large clusters.

4. *On heaven and on thy lady call.* The knight-errant, upon undertaking any dangerous enterprise, called upon heaven and his lady for spiritual guidance.

5. *To his bold brow his spirit rush'd.* His alarm at hearing the clang of steel showed itself on his countenance.

For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase;
A target¹ there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
And deerskins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth² the sylvan hall.

XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised:—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand³ he poised and sway'd,
“I never knew but one,” he said,
“Whose stalwart arm might brook⁴ to wield
A blade like this in battle-field.”
She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word;
“You see the guardian champion's sword;
As light it trembles in his hand
As in my grasp a hazel wand;

1. *Target*. A small shield; a buckler.

2. *Garnish forth*. Decorate.

3. *Brand*. Sword; weapon.

4. *Brook*. Endure.

My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart;¹
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame,
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unask'd his birth and name.²
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest³ foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names,
"The Knight of Snowdown,⁴ James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fall'n in such turmoil,

1. *Ferragus, or Ascabart.* Ferragus was a Saracen giant forty feet in height and of twenty men's strength. Ascabart was a giant thirty feet in height, who was conquered by Sir Bevis of Hampton.

2. *Unasked his birth and name.* It was considered discourteous to ask a guest his name until he had taken refreshments.

3. *Fellest.* Most dreadful.

4. *Snowdown.* An ancient name for Stirling, the seat of one of the favorite castles of James V.

And he, God wot,¹ was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn require²
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well show'd the elder lady's mien
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks display'd
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Show'd she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turn'd all inquiry light away:—
"Weird³ women we! by dale and down⁴
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Fill'd up the symphony between.

1. *Wot.* Knows.2. *Require.* Ask.3. *Weird.* Dealing in witchcraft.4. *Down.* Hill.

XXXI

Song

“Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle’s enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o’er,
Dream of fighting-fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

“No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor’s clang or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch¹ summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark’s shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,²
And the bittern³ sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here’s no war-steed’s neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.”

1. *Pibroch* (pē'brök). A wild, irregular form of martial music played by the Highland Scots on the bagpipe. Here the word means bagpipe.

2. *Fallow*. Uncultivated land.

3. *Bittern*. A bird belonging to the heron family. Because of the sounds of its notes it is sometimes called “stake driver.”

XXXII

She paused—then, blushing, led the lay
To grace¹ the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

Song Continued

“Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.²
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.”

XXXIII

The hall was clear'd, the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dream'd their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lull'd to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.

1. *Grace*. Honor.

2. *Reveillé* (rē-vāl'ya). A signal notifying soldiers that it is time to rise.

In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then—from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
Again return'd the scenes of youth,
Of confident, undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.¹
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view—
O were his senses false or true?
Dream'd he of death or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

XXXIV

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seem'd to walk and speak of love;
She listen'd with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,

1. *Estranged* (ěs-trānjd'). Indifferent; alienated.

The grisly visage,¹ stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.—
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recall'd the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
'Mid those the stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV

The wild-rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play'd on the water's still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast:
“Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exil'd race?²
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?”

1. *Grisly visage*. Horrible, weird countenance.

2. *That exil'd race*. During the minority of James V., the Douglas family was outlawed because of the attempt of Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, to hold James V. a prisoner.

Can I not view a Highland brand,
 But it must match the Douglas hand?
 Can I not frame a fever'd dream,
 But still the Douglas is the theme?
 I'll dream no more—by manly mind
 Not even in sleep is will resign'd.
 My midnight orisons¹ said o'er,
 I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
 His midnight orisons he told,
 A prayer with every bead of gold,
 Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
 And sunk in undisturb'd repose,
 Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
 And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: mouldering, fitful, numbers, Caledon, festal, symphony, minstrelsy, Knighthood, dauntless, wizard, enchantress, lair, beacon, deep-mouthed, bloodhound, bay, clanging, heathery, frontlet, tainted, covert, cowered, falcon, cairn, rout, perforce, breathe, mettle, copsewood, spurned, unbated, jaded, haunch, stanch, vindictive, quarry, antlers, whinyard, Trosachs, baffled, chiding, worth, dingle, pinnacle, insulated, bulwarks, presumptuous, Shinar, battlement, turret, minaret, pagod, mosque, boon, eglantine, hawthorn, fox-glove, night-shade, aspen, athwart, veering, moat, sapling, burnished, wildering, raptured, bower, lute, lave, canopy, betide, falchion, elastic, harebell, snood, plaid, brooch, betrayed, guileless, filial; fluttered, signet, vehemence, baron, crest, ptarmigan, mere, courser, fay, visioned, dappled, birchen, hilt, errant-knight, emprise, clematis, trophies, pennons, tapestry, garnish, menials, rite, fellest, heritage, wot, require, pibrochs, sedgy, warders, squadrons, spontaneous, spells, barge, estranged, brand, orisons.

2. What does the author mean by "Harp of the North"? Why does he speak of it as a "Minstrel Harp"?

3. Describe the ancient minstrels and their part in feasts and entertainments.

4. What were the themes of the ancient minstrels?

5. Explain, "bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep."

1. *Orisons* (ör'ĩ-zunz). Prayers.

6. Describe the region in which the scenes of this poem occurred.
7. At what time did the chase begin?
8. Describe the chase as one would have seen and heard it from Benvoirlich.
9. At what time did the chase reach the heights of Uam-Var? What effect had the chase had upon the pursuers by this time?
10. What occurred between Uam-Var and Brigg of Turk?
11. Describe the chase along the border of the lake.
12. What did the lone Hunter expect to happen when the stag reached Benvenue?
13. Explain the escape of the stag.
14. What did the Hunter do upon the death of his steed?
15. Describe the region through which the Hunter passed in his attempts to join his comrades.
16. Describe Loch Katrine and its surroundings.
17. How was the Hunter affected by the scene upon which he gazed? What was the Hunter's plight at this time?
18. What was the Hunter's purpose in blowing his horn?
19. What was the effect of his blast on the horn? Describe the "Lady of the Lake" as she appeared in the skiff.
20. Describe the appearance of the Hunter.
21. What preparation had been made for the coming of the Hunter?
22. Describe the island home of Ellen.
23. How do you account for the Hunter's being so alarmed when he heard the "clang of angry steel"?
24. What impression do you get of Ellen's father? Explain.
25. Whom does the Hunter represent himself to be?
26. How did his entertainers avoid giving information concerning their identity?
27. What hints does the poet give as to their station in life?
28. Why was the Hunter unable to sleep? Tell of what he dreamed.
29. Explain, "exil'd race," "Douglas eye."
30. Tell the complete story of this Canto.

THE COMBAT

"The Combat" is taken from Canto Five of "The Lady of the Lake." Fitz-James had returned to the dangerous mountain region to see Ellen. On his way back to Sterling a false guide had led him to the camp of his avowed enemy, Rhoderick Dhu, where he spent the night without recognizing his host. In the morning he is conducted by Rhoderick to the boundary of Rhoderick's domain. On the way the rebel chieftain makes himself known to Fitz-James, and when they reach the boundary the fight ensues.

THE COMBAT

Ill fared it then with Rhoderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe¹ he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael² maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade³ drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans⁴ dyed.
Fierce Rhoderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,

1. *Targe* (täřj). Shield.

2. *Gael* (gäl). A Scotch Highlander; here, Rhoderick Dhu.

3. *The Saxon blade*. Fitz-James's sword.

4. *Tartans*. Checkered or cross-barred woolen cloths, much worn by Scottish Highlanders.

The foe, invulnerable¹ still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Rhoderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,²
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant³ yield, who fears to die."
—Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,⁴
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's grip his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!—

1. *Invulnerable*. Incapable of being wounded.

2. *Lea*. Grassland.

3. *Recreant* (rĕk're-ant). A cowardly wretch.

4. *Toil*. Net or snare.

But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game;
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,¹
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: targe, ward, draught, tartans, invulnerable, adder, clotted, reeled, erring.
2. Explain, "Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield."
3. What advantage had Fitz-James? What advantage had Rhoderick Dhu?
4. Explain, "No stinted draught, no scanty tide."
5. How did Fitz-James bring "the proud Chieftain to his knee"?
6. Describe the last struggle between the fighters.
7. What saved Fitz-James?

THE TOURNAMENT² AT ASHBY

This selection is taken from "Ivanhoe," the best known and one of the most popular of the *Waverley Novels*.

During the absence of Richard I., of England, who was a leader in the third crusade and who was captured and detained in Austria as he was returning from the Holy Land, John, his brother, busied

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1. *Close* (klōz). A grapple in wrestling.
 2. *Tournament* (tōōr'na-mēnt). In mediæval times, a pageant in which two opposing parties of men in armor, contended, on horseback, in mock combat. A prize or favor was usually bestowed upon the leader of the winning side by a "Queen of Love and Beauty" chosen for the occasion.

himself in securing the favor of the Norman nobles and the Saxon subjects. At the time of this story he had won over a few of the less loyal nobles of the North of England. He had planned the tournament at Ashby partly to organize his forces and partly to secure the friendship of the Saxons of that district, who had little love for the Normans who had seized their estates.

Shortly before the tournament Brian de Bois-Guilbert, a prominent Norman leader in the Knights Templars, had returned from Palestine and joined himself to John's forces. Ivanhoe, a Saxon knight who had gone on the crusade with Richard, had also made his way back to England, and in disguise had visited the home of his father, Cedric.

In the first day of the tournament, Ivanhoe, in disguise, and under the name Disinherited Knight, had challenged and defeated in single combat Brian de Bois-Guilbert, much to the satisfaction of the Saxons and to the discomfiture of John and the Normans.

THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY

The heralds left their pricking up and down,
Now ringen trumpets loud and clarion.
There is no more to say, but east and west,
In go the speares sadly in the rest,
In goth the sharp spur into the side,
There see men who can just and who can ride;
There shiver shaftes upon shieldes thick,
He feeleth through the heart-spone the prick;
Up springen speares, twenty feet in height,
Out go the swordes to the silver bright;
The helms they to-hewn and to-shred;
Out bursts the blood with stern streames red.

— CHAUCER.

Morning arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists¹ as to a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on

1. *Lists.* The field or arena on which a tournament takes place.

the field, together with the heralds,¹ for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust,² with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight³ was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert,⁴ who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party, of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont,⁵ whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armour. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practiced by the chivalry⁶ of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valour in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each

1. *Heralds*. Officials who issued and announced challenges, marshalled the combatants and bore all messages in the tournament.

2. *Joust* (jüst). To join battle.

3. *Disinherited Knight*. Ivanhoe, the hero of the story. He was the disinherited son of the Saxon thane, Cedric, and the lover of Rowena, Cedric's ward and kinswoman.

4. *Brian de Bois-Guilbert* (bwä'gêl-bâr'). A Norman noble, a member of the order of Knights Templars, one of three military orders founded for religious purposes during the crusades.

5. *Ralph de Vipont* (vê-pôn').

6. *Chivalry*. The system of knighthood.

side, when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue,¹ attended by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon, with the Lady Rowena,² unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armour, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar.³ The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only, reason for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore,

1. *Retinue*. Train of attendants.

2. *Lady Rowena*. The Disinherited Knight, as victor of the previous day's combat, had chosen Lady Rowena "Queen of Love and Beauty."

3. *The Knight Templar*. Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succour,¹ but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

De Bracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had proved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.²

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy. Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honours."

1. *Succour.* Help.

2. *Her palfrey.* Her saddle horse.

So saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honour opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated than a burst of music, half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney¹ should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day—a precaution the more necessary as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace² or battle-axe at pleasure; but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremity of the lists, so as to touch the palisade³ with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armour and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take farther share in the combat. If any

1. *Tourney* (tōōr'nī). Tournament.

2. *Mace*. A heavy club, often with spiked metal head, used to crush armor.

3. *Palisade*. A fence made of strong stakes or timbers, firmly set in ground.

combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page¹ might enter the lists and drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading staff, or truncheon²—another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honourable chivalry, was liable to be stript of his arms, and, having his shield reversed,³ to be placed in that posture astride upon the bars of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknighly conduct. Having announced these precautions, the heralds concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favour from the Queen of Beauty and Love.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank, a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious, sight to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars

1. *His squire or page.* Pages and squires were attendants on the knights. This service gave them their training for knighthood.

2. *Truncheon.* A staff used as the official badge or sign of authority by the master of ceremonies of the tournament.

3. *Reversed.* Facing in a position opposed to its usual one.

of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardour as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing to the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale¹ was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal words, "*Laissez aller!*"² The trumpets sounded as he spoke; the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests;³ the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses; and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors, of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted—some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance; some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man; some

1. *Tale*. The count.

2. *Laissez aller* (lě'sā à-lā'). [French.] "Let go." The signal to begin.

3. *Rests*. Attachments on the breastplates to support the butts of the lances.

lay stretched on earth as if never more to rise; some had already gained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament; and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood by their scarfs, and endeavouring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries, and exchanging buffets, as if honour and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted: "*Ha! Beau-seant!*¹ *Beau-seant!* For the Temple! For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer; "*Desdichado!*² *Desdichado!*" which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success, the tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern, extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows and the shouts of the combatants mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke

1. *Beau-seant* (bō'sa-än'). [French.] *Beau-seant* was the name of the Templars' banner, which was half black, half white, to intimate, it is said, that they were candid and fair towards Christians, but black and terrible towards infidels. (Scott.)

2. *Desdichado* (děz-dē-chä'dō). [Spanish.] Disinherited.

of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-flakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was not visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar¹ spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there, indeed, a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives! Fight on; death is better than defeat! Fight on, brave knights! for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their com-

1. *Vulgar*. Common; of low degree.

panions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavoured to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity,¹ and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honour by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf² on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party by aiding

1. *Animosity*. Violent hatred.

2. *Front-de-Bœuf* (frôn-de-bêf). A Norman knight fighting on the side of Bois-Guilbert.

the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware! Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally that the knight became aware of his danger; and striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armour, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping

blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder,¹ and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

“Not I, by the light of Heaven!” answered Prince John: “this same springal,² who conceals his name and despises our proffered hospitality, hath already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn.” As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large of size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of *Le Noir Faineant*,³ or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bested;⁴ for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he

1. *His warder*. His leading staff or truncheon.

2. *Springal*. A youth. Here used contemptuously, meaning youngster.

3. *Le Noir Faineant* (le-nwär' fě-ne-än').

4. *Bested* (be-stěd'). Beset; put in peril.

came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming, in a voice like a trumpet-call, "*Desdichado*, to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend, the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the chamfron¹ of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. *Le Noir Faineant* then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprung from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself van-

1. *Chamfron* (chăm'frôn). The ornamental frontpiece of the armor for a war horse's head.

quished by casting down his warder and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighbouring pavilions,¹ or to the quarters prepared for them in the adjoining village.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche,² one of the most gallantly contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armour, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life; and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the "gentle and joyous passage of arms of Ashby."

It being now the duty of Prince John to name the knight who had done best, he determined that the honour of the day remained with the knight whom the popular voice had termed *Le Noir Faineant*. It was pointed out to the Prince, in impeachment of this decree, that the victory had been in fact won by the Disinherited Knight, who, in the course of the day, had overcome six champions with his own hand, and who had finally unhorsed and struck

1. *Pavilions*. Movable or open structures for temporary shelter.

2. *Ashby-de-la-Zouche* (ăsh'bĭ-de-lă-zōōsh').

down the leader of the opposite party. But Prince John adhered to his own opinion, on the ground that the Disinherited Knight and his party had lost the day but for the powerful assistance of the Knight of the Black Armour, to whom, therefore, he persisted in awarding the prize.

To the surprise of all present, however, the knight thus preferred was nowhere to be found. He had left the lists immediately when the conflict ceased, and had been observed by some spectators to move down one of the forest glades with the same slow pace and listless and indifferent manner which had procured him the epithet of the Black Sluggard. After he had been summoned twice by sound of trumpet and proclamation of the heralds, it became necessary to name another to receive the honours which had been assigned to him. Prince John had now no further excuse for resisting the claim of the Disinherited Knight, whom, therefore, he named the champion of the day.

Through a field slippery with blood and encumbered with broken armour and the bodies of slain and wounded horses, the marshals of the lists again conducted the victor to the foot of Prince John's throne.

"Disinherited Knight," said Prince John, "since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, we a second time award to you the honours of this tournament, and announce to you your right to claim and receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the chaplet¹ of honour which your valour has justly deserved."

The Knight bowed low and gracefully, but returned no answer.

While the trumpets sounded, while the heralds strained their voices in proclaiming honour to the brave and glory

1. *Chaplet*. A wreath or garland for the head.

to the victor, while ladies waved their silken kerchiefs and embroidered veils, and while all ranks joined in a clamorous shout of exultation, the marshals conducted the Disinherited Knight across the lists to the foot of that throne of honour which was occupied by the Lady Rowena.

On the lower step of this throne the champion was made to kneel down. Indeed, his whole action since the fight had ended seemed rather to have been upon the impulse of those around him than from his own free will; and it was observed that he tottered as they guided him the second time across the lists. Rowena, descending from her station with a graceful and dignified step, was about to place the chaplet which she held in her hand upon the helmet of the champion, when the marshals exclaimed with one voice, "It must not be thus; his head must be bare." The knight muttered faintly a few words, which were lost in the hollow of his helmet; but their purport seemed to be a desire that his casque¹ might not be removed.

Whether from love of form or from curiosity, the marshals paid no attention to his expressions of reluctance, but unhelmed him by cutting the laces of his casque, and undoing the fastening of his gorget.² When the helmet was removed, the well-formed yet sunburnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen, amidst a profusion of short fair hair. His countenance was as pale as death, and marked in one or two places with streaks of blood.

Rowena had no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint shriek; but at once summoning up the energy of her disposition, and compelling herself, as it were, to proceed, while her frame yet trembled with the violence of sudden emotion, she placed upon the drooping head of the victor

1. *Casque* (kàsk). A helmet.

2. *Gorget* (gôr'jět). A piece of armor protecting the throat.

the splendid chaplet which was the destined reward of the day, and pronounced in a clear and distinct tone these words: "I bestow on thee this chaplet, Sir Knight, as the meed¹ of valour assigned to this day's victor." Here she paused a moment, and then firmly added, "And upon brows more worthy could a wreath of chivalry never be placed!"

The knight stooped his head and kissed the hand of the lovely Sovereign by whom his valour had been rewarded; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay prostrate at her feet.

There was a general consternation. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his banished son, now rushed forward, as if to separate him from Rowena. But this had been already accomplished by the marshals of the field, who, guessing the cause of Ivanhoe's swoon, had hastened to undo his armour, and found that the head of a lance had penetrated his breastplate and inflicted a wound in his side.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

EXERCISES

1. Words for definition and study: tournament, marshals, precaution, concurred, adhered, chivalry, adversary, flourish, retinue, remonstrated, apathy, destined, palfrey, dutiful, marshalled, temporary, maintained, predicament, antagonist, truncheon, effusion, posture, encounter, helmets, rests, dexterity, extricate, buffets, acclamations, gallantry, animosity, parrying, unanimous, agility, warder, springal, device, abated, chamfron, cope, fatal, relics, embers, pavilions, impeachment, decree, epithet, encumbered, chaplet, kerchiefs, purport, casque, gorget, profusion, prostrate, consternation.

2. What were the crusades?

3. What were the duties of a knight? Describe a knight's armor.

4. Describe the scene at Ashby on the morning of the tournament.

5. Describe the entrance of Prince John; the entrance of Rowena, Queen of Love and Beauty.

1. Meed. Reward.

6. Give the laws governing the tournament as they were announced by the heralds.

7. Describe the arrangement of the opposing sides. What was the purpose of the rear ranks of knights?

8. Describe the first shock of the combat.

9. Describe the fighting after the first shock of the combat.

10. How were the fighters affected by the presence of the ladies?

11. Explain Athelstane's part in the combat.

12. Describe the attack on the Disinherited Knight made by the three opponents.

13. Explain how he was saved by the Black Sluggard.

14. What evidence is there that Prince John was partial? What caused him to be so?

15. Why did John not wish to name the Disinherited Knight champion of the second day of the tournament?

16. Describe the ceremony of crowning the victor.

17. Tell the story of the tournament.

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